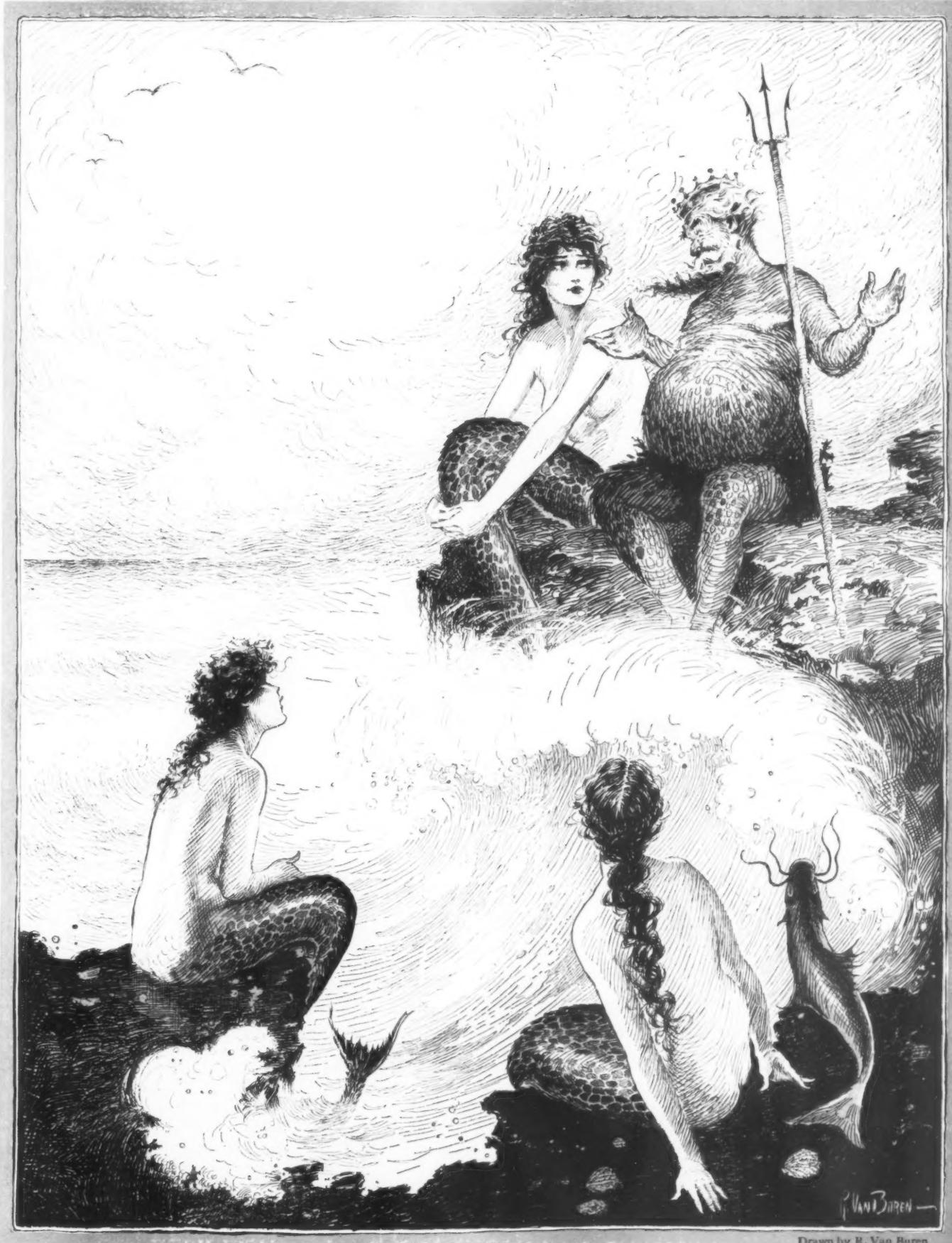


AP
101
P96

WEEK ENDING MAY 27, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS

Puck



Drawn by R. Van Buren

FISH STORIES

FATHER NEPTUNE: — and it was so big!



Nut (to Bookie): "WHAT PRICE 'JOHNNIE WALKER'?"

Bookie (looking wise): "NOT LAYING IT, SIR."

Nut: "WHY?"

Bookie: "'Cos IT'S A DOUBLE SURE WINNER NOW THEY'VE PUT IT IN THAT NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE."

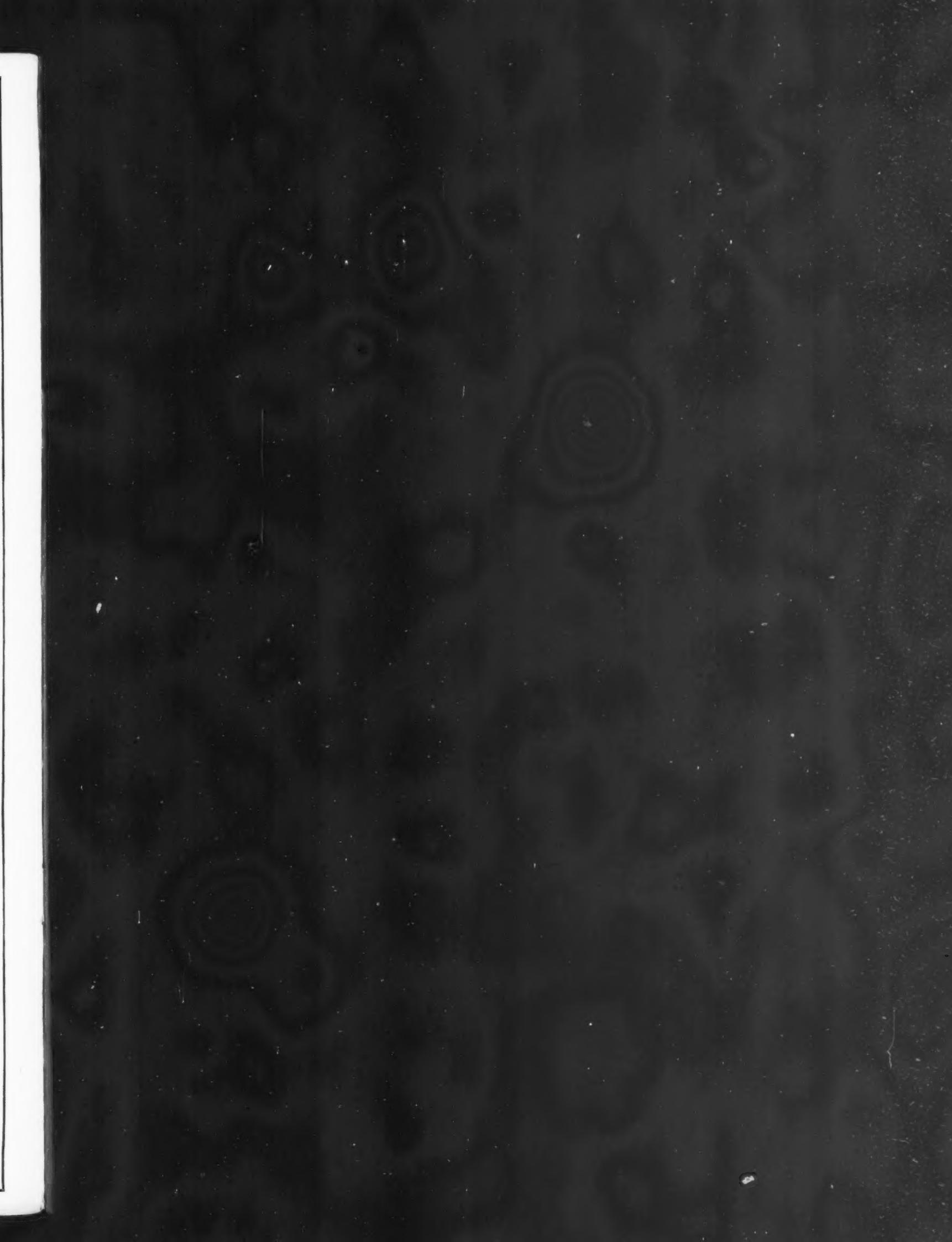
For generations "Johnnie Walker" Red Label has led the race, but now it is lengths ahead, and—still going strong.

Every drop in the non-refillable bottle is over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Agents: WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.





Mr. Kirchner's Reply

Some of Mr. Raphael Kirchner's erstwhile friends on Montmartre have become very much excited recently over his success in this country, and artistic circles in the French capital have been set agog over his fancied activities in behalf of Kultur. Among the extravagant tales that have gone the rounds is one to the effect that the colored lights which Mr. Kirchner uses in his studio to secure his unusual color effects, were in reality to direct Zeppelins—which never arrived! Mr. Kirchner's own statement is, therefore, of more than passing interest:

A Quelques Amis de Paris

Les embusqués—terrés dans le sous sol parisien de quelques feuilles sans nom et sans tirage—sont une fois de plus en train de sauver la France. Cette fois ci leur ferveur patriotique s'assouvit en calomnies immondes contre ma personne.

PUCK va sous presse—et je ne puis qu'enregister aujourd'hui l'attaque héroïque de ces guerriers en chambre. Le prochain numéro leur apportera la réponse qu'ils méritent.

RAPHAEL KIRCHNER.

New York, le 10 Avril, 1916.

*(Translation)**To some friends of mine in Paris:*

The entrenchments in some cellars of Paris from which anonymous pamphlets have been shot at me, are once more in the throes of saving France. This time their patriotic fervor is venting itself in unbridled calumnies against my personal life.

As PUCK is going to press, I cannot do more to-day than to state that I am aware of the existence of the heroic attacks of these pink-tea fighters. Subsequent numbers of PUCK will bring to my friends in Paris, as in this country, a proper and fitting response to the slanders.

RAPHAEL KIRCHNER.

New York, April 10, 1916.

It may interest Mr. Kirchner's friends here as well as on the Continent, to learn that the uncertainties of travel account for his birth in Vienna, of English parents. He has lived in Paris, as a Frenchman nearly all his life, and the sudden enmity evidenced by his Parisian colleagues is pathetic evidence of the state of excitement in which Paris found herself last summer. Mr. Kirchner makes the interesting statement that he chose PUCK to reply to his French critics because of its wide circulation in Paris art circles and of the high esteem in which it is held.

It is the new things that PUCK does that seem to give our good old conservative friends their worst shocks. One can imagine the editorial glee, therefore, which greets letters like these upon their arrival in the sanctum:



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KARL SCHMIDT,
Editor.

NATHAN STRAUS, JR.
Publisher.

FOSTER GILROY,
General Manager.

*New York City**PUCK and its Editors,*

Sir and Gentlemen:

To all the praise and favorable comment that ever comes to you, may one more family echo, and say "Thank you" for the weekly pleasure that you bring. PUCK is a treasure, especially in these United States which are still hopelessly dabbish in a few things—so-called comic weeklies being a horrible and glaring example. PUCK is good stuff!

MARION CLARK.

*Galveston, Texas.**PUCK of My Heart:*

Attached please find my cheque for my subscription, alas, has expired; so please send me for the next six and twenty weeks the usual (28) pages of sense and nonsense that furnish cogitation and amusement to countless thousands. I have jealously kept PUCK's covers for three years.

JULES A. VERN.

PUCK has maintained for some time that the streets of New York are in an inexpressibly filthy condition. Any one doubting this should stand for ten minutes at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, where the doubter will accumulate sufficient real estate to hold an auction in the Bronx. But the Merchants' Association has never stood long enough in one spot to let the dust settle; hence their complaint:

*New York City.**DEAR SIR:*

It is this sort of thing that brings New York City into disrepute by spreading wholly false ideas of the inefficiency of its Government, which is one of the best in the United States and of the methods in use here. As a matter of fact, the streets of New York City are cleaner than the streets of any other large city in the country and the work is done with the least possible annoyance to the



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London Office: PUCK, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

residents of the city. The cartoon in the current issue of PUCK, therefore, is a libel on the City, which is more regrettable because PUCK has a large circulation outside the City. It is this kind of "bromide humor," as well as deliberate attempts unjustly to discredit the City that the Merchants' Association is endeavoring to combat.

We thank you for calling our attention to this attack on the City.

THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK

ROBERT H. FULLER,
Manager, Publicity Bureau.

If Mr. Fuller really wants to see some dirty streets, we'll stand treat, and the taxi bill need not run more than thirty cents, starting from any point he chooses.

King George is a poor sport. Our GERMAN-american friends have been stuffing British gold in our unwilling jeans for a year past, and His Majesty hasn't even sent us a perfecto.

Mr. PUCK:
Newspapers, magazines and periodicals are generally on the side of the largest pocket books. This war is the result of English diplomacy, who employs such clever men as you. This country is free in speech and thought.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A little freer, luckily, than Berlin—which may account for "Subscriber's" presence here.

New York City.
I am in the habit of taking my copy home, but I am sometimes negligent in doing so. When I don't carry it home, my family raises "Cain."

E. W. ESTES.

I wish you would stop the PUCK. It isn't worth carrying up from the mail box.

JAS. M. HANSEN, SR.

University Club,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

After reading your publication for some time past, the fact impresses itself upon me that it is quite the most interesting and piquant of any present-day humorous weekly, not only in keenness of wit and satire but also in fairness and clarity of editorial policy.

MARK T. GREEN.

New York Tribune.
New York City.

There is only one thing that might induce me to part with \$5 for PUCK—the Bunner stories. But I prefer to take them straight instead of surrounded by a clutter of jokes and crude, even vulgar cartoons, which distract but not amuse... Briefly—I don't like PUCK.

With hopes for its speedy recovery, I am,
CHRISTINE VALLEAN

The Convention PUCK

(ON SALE JULY 5)

A Convention Number, but not conventional, in which a special staff of artists will satirize the goings and comings of the political powers-that-be in the great Chicago Convention—or will it be two?—next month.

PUCK's political predilections have been a matter of national moment in ten hard fought presidential campaigns, and with Morris, Will Crawford, Evans, Westerman, Burrows, Van Buren, Ethel Plummer and Ralph Barton handling the pictures, and Simeon Strunksy, Stephen Leacock and other celebrated satirists, the text, the CONVENTION PUCK promises a political treat.

Order your copy today—dated June 10, on sale June 5.

Second thoughts are best, but first thoughts are natural.



Applicant—"Is there an opening here for a live-wire hustling college man?"
Office-Boy—"Naw—but there's goin' to be if I don't git me salary raised by tomorrow night."

Why the Average Apartment-Dweller Objects to Books

They take up too much room.
They have a musty smell.

Every time you wish to read a book, you have to waste half an hour cutting the leaves.
They collect dust.

Too many of them have unhappy endings.
After spending two or three hours reading a book, you are very apt to find that it came out serially in a magazine, and that you read the important parts several months ago.

They are no good to you after you have read them; for a second-hand \$1.50 book will not bring more than ten cents on the dollar if you want to sell it.

They cost too much. You can have dinner in a swell restaurant for the price of four or five books.

Reading books makes you sleepy.
Nobody reads them, anyway.

"He is always talking about the mysteries of space!"

"Yes, I always thought there was something queer about the inside of his head!"

If the good would only die young the wicked would enjoy life ever so much better.

HUSBAND: Forty dollars a month for a cook! Isn't that a good deal?

WIFE: Yes but dear, she says she can cook!

CATTERSON: Are you going into a training camp this summer?

HATTERSON: Yes but don't let on to anyone; it will be the first time in years that my wife will know what I am doing.



"Pa's Got His New B.V.D.s On"

HE had old-fashioned notions, until the Boys went out, bought B.V.D. and made him put it on. Look at him! Now, Pa joins right in the young folks' fun, because he's cool.

Loose fitting, light woven B.V.D. Underwear starts with the best possible fabrics (specially woven and tested), continues with the best possible workmanship (carefully inspected and re-inspected), and ends with complete comfort (fullness of cut, balance of drape, correctness of fit, durability in wash and wear).

If it hasn't
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B.V.D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.) \$1.00 and upward the Suit. B.V.D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c. and upward the Garment.

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The Serenade by B. Wennerberg

A Splendid Piece of Color

By B. Wennerberg
One of Munich's famous artists

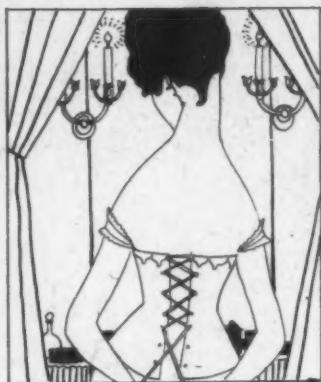
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all ready for framing
and sent prepaid for

25c

IN STAMPS

Size 11 x 14 inches

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION
210 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK



The back line



Through the net



A back hand play



Foot fault



A swift pick up



Smashing a high one

These examples of the art of tennis will, we hope, make the game intelligible to everyone.

The upper left hand diagram reveals a lady, who has been taken by surprise. As she is not ready to receive, she will have to cover as best she can.

In contrast to her, the player illustrating "Through the Net" looks as though she would prove a winner, if her form be such as one would expect.

The partners playing mixed doubles (in the upper right hand diagram) exhibit very little team work. They probably have not been together very long.

The player shown "serving doubles" is cleverly stopping two bawls at once.

In the lower left hand diagram we have illustrated the effectiveness of bringing one's weight into play.

The pick-up (center diagram) is likely to be followed by a low bounder.



Out!

TENNIS TERMS

Drawn by N. I. Pernessin



A private detective presides at the New York headquarters of the Burton presidential boom. The fear that someone — Roosevelt or Hughes — might steal it doubtless prompts the precaution.

It has been known here for some weeks that certain leaders were busy trying to block the Roosevelt boom.

—Washington wire.

Where do these Washington correspondents dig up their exclusive information? First thing you know, one of them will discover that the Hon. Bill Barnes is opposed to the Colonel.

Says Job Hedges: "The Root campaign is going to be conducted on a higher plane than any since the Civil War." With due respect to Job, an impossibility. Only four years ago, a political party "battled for the Lord." Can you get on a higher plane than that?

Great Britain has apologized to the United States because the British Governor of Trinidad sent his aid around to call on Secretary-of-the-Treasury McAdoo instead of returning Mr. McAdoo's call in person. When T. Roosevelt, plain citizen, went to Trinidad a short time ago, this same governor not only called himself, but went to great lengths to entertain the Colonel and make him feel at home.

It would be interesting to know just who Col. Roosevelt told the British Governor he was — next President of the United States or merely a former president.

"When I was President," quoth T. R., apropos of Mexican mix-ups with Americans, "the Mexican government acted promptly and efficiently against the wrong-doers in every case." Theodore should not take too much of the credit upon himself; however; there was a party named Diaz running things in Mexico at that time.



Drawn by William C. Morris

Can He Make It?

Now on his way back to Italy, Caruso plans again to offer his services as a soldier, but is afraid they will not be accepted "because of his age and lack of training." Caruso rejected? Incredible! If the Italian government has the slightest artistic temperament, it will assign Enrico to sing the bugle calls.

"My life, or that of any other American in Chihuahua state, is not worth the smallest fraction of a worn-out peso.

—An American in Chihuahua.

The fraction of a worn-out peso is worth a good deal — in Mexican paper currency.

It is too early to suggest to Mr. Carnegie that he build a World Courthouse at The Hague!

Uncle Joe Cannon lately celebrated his eightieth birthday. As far as the administration is concerned, Congressman Cannon is a knocktogenarian.

"It's a personal drive you're making at me. You can't assassinate my character. I want that distinctly understood."

—Somebody or other.

What difference does it make where it was or who said it? What would any "investigation" be without this celebrated defiance? The authors of this remark are easily numerous enough to form a club.

William Lorimer is again a candidate for United States Senator.

—The news from Chicago.

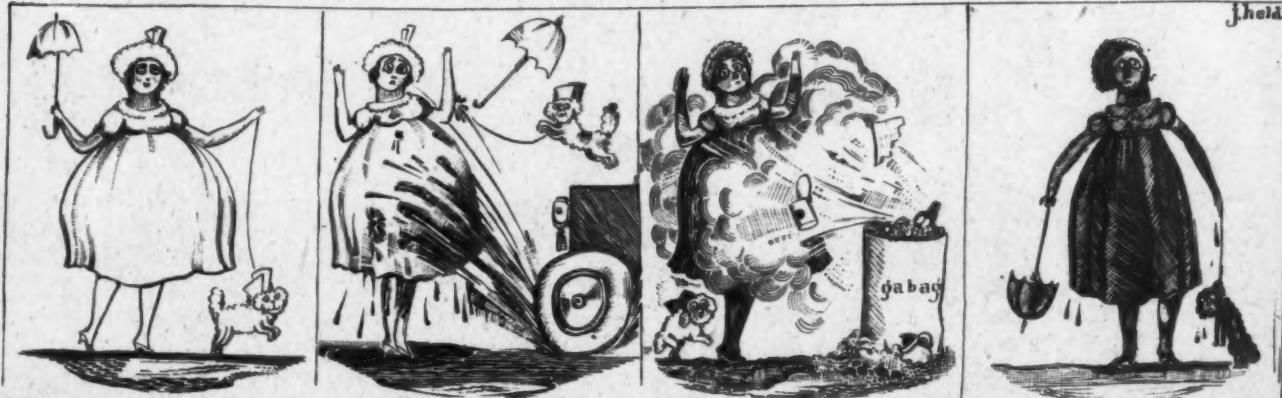
There are times, it appears, when a burnt child rushes gleefully back to the fire.

"As for the picnickers at Sagamore Hill, if they behave like pigs, I'll treat them like pigs."

—The Colonel.

If certain Congressman should happen to call, their "pork-barrel" manners may get them in trouble. A notice should be plainly posted.

MY LADY'S DRESS — A TALE OF THE NEW YORK STREETS



At the start—Spick and span

But close by an auto ran.

Vesuvius in a garbage can

Arrival—Ethiopian



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

The Teutons wrote another note
And phrased its words audaciously,
And yet we may be free to say.
They've yielded, if ungraciously;
It's true they claim John Bull's to blame
For German illegality,
But maybe we shall now be free
Of U-Boat criminality.

A year or so ago we know
They sank the Lusitania
But now, at last we hope they've passed
That stage of rabid mania,
We hope—and yet we can't forget
That Teuton "Kultur" terrible,
Which cannot sate itself with hate
And may make peace unbearable

And that is how we're wishing now
For adequate preparedness,
So that we'd be less constantly
In such a state of scar-ed-ness.
If foreign foes should deal us blows,
Unarmed we couldn't race at them,
We couldn't frighten them from sight
By making up a face at them.

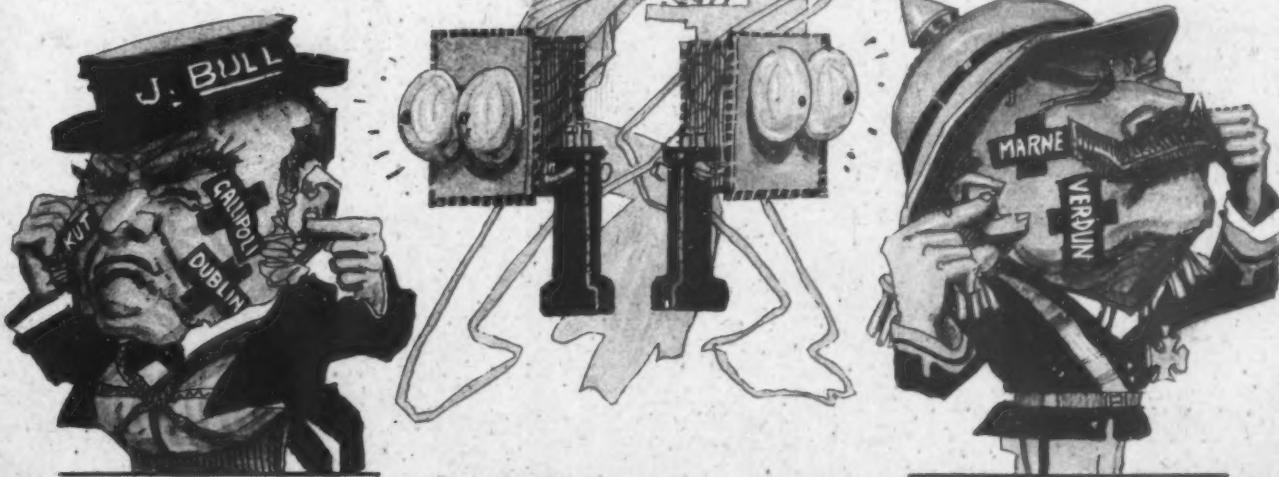
Zeppelins fly both far and high
In flocks Berlin is springing them,
But some, we learn, do not return,
The English guns are winging them,
Vague rumors spread of peace; it's said
That German tongues began 'em all,
For Allied folk cry "Peace!—don'tjoke!,
There ain't no sech ar animal!"

The English shot in haste a lot
Of Irish rebels disquieting,
We think it would have done more good
To jail the bunch for rioting,
But God nor Man nor Devil can
Prevent the Briton blundering,
The English mind is so designed
To keep the wide world wondering.

Joe Cannon's years are eighty. Cheers
Are due to Danville's oracle,
Who always stayed as he was made
A Tory right his-tory-cal;
If strikes go on as they have gone
We'll all be quitting presently,
(It's nearing June, we'd just as soon
Lay off and loaf most pleasantly).

The small boy dives and vainly strives
To hold his teeth from chattering,
It seems to him too cold to swim
But still he keeps on splattering,
Brave mortals dare straw hats to wear,
Iced drinks are what we choose again
Each day we read of Ty Cobbs speed
And learn that "Giants lose again!"

The Greasers made another raid
On towns that at the boarder lie,
Unless they stop we'll have a cop
Arrest 'em as disorderly;
We've no complaint to think we ain't
Just now a White house resident,
When war brings such rows and things
Who'd want to be a president?



Drawings by Merle Johnson



Now remember, if your strict accountability note to Germany
isn't heeded, you've got to fight!

Drawn by William C. Morris



A New Pan-Americanism

PAN-AMERICANISM as discussed nowadays involves greatly increased responsibilities for the United States. These increased responsibilities are assumed without any compensating political advantages. The advantages on our side are almost wholly those of seeing ourselves in the role of big brother—seeing ourselves in the noble position of protector of the smaller states. This is going to be pleasant for the smaller brothers, and possibly is going to give us a profound sense of doing what is right. But is it, from the political point of view, a safe path on which we are entering? The thought of the entire Western Hemisphere united, with us at its head, as a world center of mutual helpfulness in time of peace and mutual self-defense in time of war is a fine dream. But is there not a very serious practical side to be considered? To play big brother to all of the smaller American states means that they will derive added strength from us while we can derive but little added strength from them. The responsibilities will be all on our side. The benefits so far as self-defense is concerned, entirely on theirs.

A MORE workable, more practicable and a truer form of Pan-Americanism would include all of the Western Hemisphere—would include also Canada. Canada would be an acquisition to a Pan-American union of no small weight. By a closer union with Canada, we would be assuming not only new responsibilities, but adding to ourselves new political and military strength. In any alliance with Brazil or the Argentine—the two biggest of our several American brothers—it is always they who would be looking to us for help and protection, not we that could ever look to them. In the case of Canada the responsibilities on both sides and the benefits to be derived would be mutual. If the fleet of Great Britain, through Canada, were pledged to protect the integrity of Pan-America, it would be of inestimable value to all of us. Such an arrangement would not involve any alliance with Great Britain as such, but would be a commercial union in time of peace and a political union in time of war, in which Canada would be equally bound with us to make all of its resources instantly available for fostering the growth, and protecting the independence of Pan-America. We would be of immense assistance to Canada industrially in time of peace, we could also be of some assistance in time of possible aggression. Canada would bring to us the entire moral weight of Great Britain as an additional defense to insure the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine and Pan-American integrity.

German Propaganda Again

THE appearance on the newsstands during the last few weeks of two new periodicals devoted to German propaganda should give us cause to stop and consider. American citizens have the right to express opinions on every and all subjects, taking however forcefully and in however bad taste, whatever side they please. But that is just the point. The editors, publishers and backers of neither of these two periodicals are American citizens. They are foreigners who have immigrated only recently to this country. They are publishing so-called "periodicals" in order to be able to send their matter through the mails at the low periodical postal rates. Matter of no value or service to America is sent through the mails at a postal rate which involves a loss to the United States government, a rate established as the law reads, "for the dissemination of information of a public character." Any attempt to hinder the publication on our soil of any propaganda, even by foreigners, would be to hinder the freedom of the press. Nevertheless it would seem that there is room for legislation in the direction of limiting the low postal rates, which are so costly to our government, to periodicals published by *American Citizens*. Congress can, by passing legislation of this sort not only discourage a good deal of the anti-American propaganda on this soil, but also have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever propaganda is published will go through the mails at a rate that will be profitable to the Post Office Department. An adequate and proper revenue will be brought in to the United States, which is not the case at present.

THE peculiar thing about so much of this German propaganda is its attempt to deceive. Neither of the two periodicals that PUCK now has in mind are avowedly and frankly pro-German. One emulates the dress and especially the cover design of the English "Punch," and doubtless hopes, by the somewhat similar name and a practically identical cover, to deceive a certain number of people into thinking that they are buying "Punch" when they pick it up. The other of these German propagandist periodicals contains the word "American" in its title, although none of the aims of the publishers and editors can be considered as anything but un-American or rather anti-American. Isn't it time for some legislation to restrict the unlimited use of the second-class matter privilege by foreigners for furthering anti-American propaganda on our soil?

As Perishable as China

Rumor was rife in the Spirit World. Rumor "had it" that the United States of North America, the vast republic of the West, had been "chinified."

"Alas, my erstwhile country!" sobbed the spirit of an American of 1916. "Roosevelt's fears were indeed well grounded. He was afraid it would happen. And the other nations of my day? Do they still exist?" he inquired of Fate.

"For instance?" said Fate, smiling. "Well, for instance, Germany!"

"I—I never even heard of it," gasped the spirit.

"Probably not. It was founded only 1500 years ago."

"Tell me, Fate," gulped the Spirit, plucking up courage to ask the fatal question, "when did my country, the United States of North America, give up the ghost?"

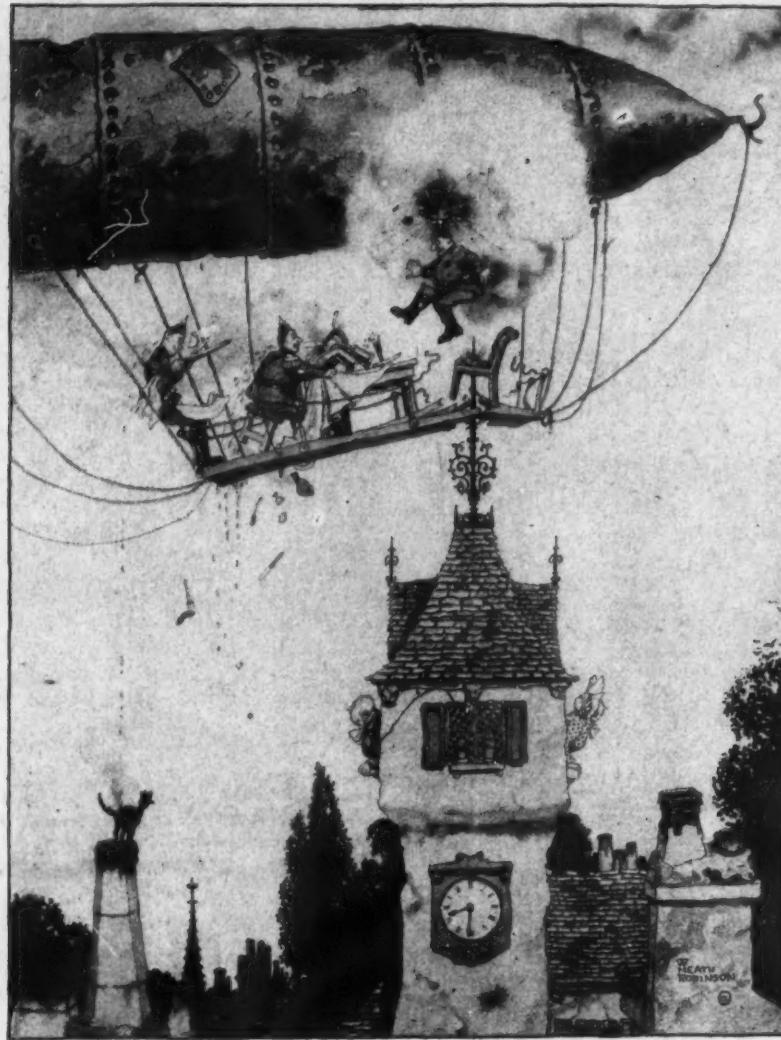
Fate stared at the quaking spirit in sheer amazement.

"Give up the ghost? What are you saying?" she cried. "The United States that you are sobbing over takes up all of

the flesh, the United States is the only one, with the single exception of China, that is in existence today. Why, they even speak of China as being Unitedstatesified — what do you know about that?"



"What dear little tires! How many miles do you get out of them?"



Drawn for PUCK by Heath Robinson of London

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What Happened to the Zeppelin that Descended Incautiously

"Gone long ago," said Fate. "School children study about Germany in their ancient histories."

"England? Great Britain?"

"Likewise gone. With France, it is part of the Afro-European States. It hasn't been a monarchy since the great revolution in the reign of George the Tenth."

The brain of the American spirit whirled in bewilderment.

"Russia?" he managed to whisper.

"Russia," said Fate, "was conquered — let me see — in 3742. The capital is now Changkioski, a flourishing city of twenty million or so."

the Western Hemisphere; it has seven billion inhabitants at the last census; and the present president is Patrick Jose Herman Nicoletti."

The woody spirit sank limply upon a Spiritland settee.

"But they said — Roosevelt said," he began; "you recollect Roosevelt, don't you?"

"I think I do — vaguely," said Fate.

"They — he — said that the United States had been chinified."

"It has been," answered Fate, somewhat impatiently, and yet goodhumoredly. "Of all the nations on earth when you were in

MAYBELLE: So you have broken off with Harold. What was the trouble?

GERTIE: No trouble especially, my dear, but after he told me that he never used intoxicating liquors, never used tobacco, abhorred card games and thought musical comedies were vicious spectacles, I took Dad's tip and gave him the shake.

MAYBELLE: What did your father say?

GERTIE: Father said that Harold was too good to be true.

After all, it isn't so strange that Portugal has cut so little figure in the war. Remember what Gaby did to it.

The "Wise Ones"

What is there so screamingly funny in the news that a German chemist from Farmingdale, N. Y., announces that he has discovered a cheap substitute for gasoline? At the words "German chemist" some of our journalistic contemporaries explode with terrific ha-has; at "Farmingdale" they roll on the floor; and at mention of the make of the little motor car in which the mixture was tried they have to be carried out of the room on a stretcher in sheer exhaustion. Are we deficient in sense of humor when we fail to join in the merry chorus? Instruct us, ye wise ones — maybe we are overlooking something good.

Meanwhile, if it should so happen that Dr. Enrich is not a faker and is feeling a little blue about the way he has been treated, he might take comfort in reading this reprint from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* of Dec. 31, 1862:

"George M. Pullman of the firm of Pullman & Moore, house raisers, is experimenting with what he calls a 'palace sleeping car.' The 'wise ones' predict it will be a failure."

Torn from the Tropics

A Tale of the South Seas

"A Frenchman has invented a lager beer tablet. When dissolved in water, it transforms the water to high-grade lager beer. A bathtub full of the refreshing fluid can be made with a dozen tablets. He claims to be able to reduce many other commodities to tablet form."

—*News Item.*

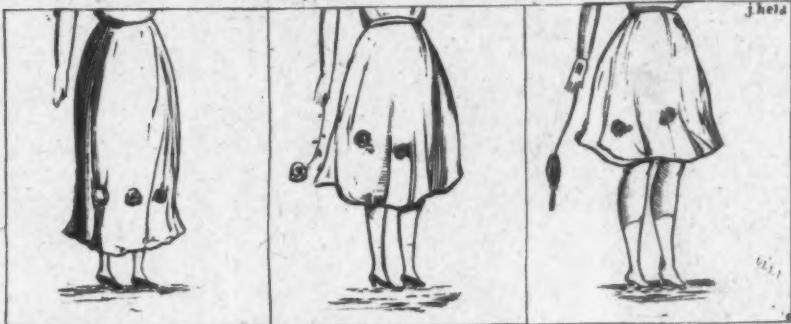
I

The breakers raced like great white horses over the coral barrier-reef, only to flatten

words: "Shipwrecked Travelers' Emergency Tablet Kit. Dissolve Each Tablet in One-Half Cup of Water."

Taking the aluminum cup which was attached to the cover of the suitcase, Elmer half filled it with water, selected a tablet, and tossed it into the cup. It expanded rapidly. In a few moments it turned into a neat pair of homespun knickerbockers. Elmer rose and essayed to don them; but they were so small that he could not draw them over his knees.

"Hm!" said Elmer. "Not enough water!"



For Burlesque

MILADY'S SKIRT
For Musical Comedy

For the Street

out harmlessly in the lagoon beyond. In the midst of the breakers appeared a black dot. Was it a cocoanut or a man? Who could tell! It rose, fell, rose, fell, turned over three or six times, and rose and fell once more. If it was a cocoanut, the milk within it was getting a good milk shake.

High above the roar of the breakers sounds a loud splash. The black dot has fallen into the lagoon. See, it is swimming! A cocoanut cannot do that! Look, it has stopped and kicked a shark in the chest. A cocoanut cannot do that, either! Can it be — it must be — yes, it is! A man!

II

Elmar Tanbark, sole survivor of the wrecked steamship *Mushmelon*, swam laboriously toward the palm-studded atoll. Ever and anon he paused to push a shark out of his way, or to remove a herd of jellyfish from his mouth. He was evidently very weary. The shipwreck had occurred at 2:10 a. m. It was now 9:45 a. m.; and he had had no opportunity to take a nap in all that time.

Except for a nightgown and a small suitcase, he was naked; for the shipwreck had occurred so suddenly that none of the passengers had been given an opportunity to do anything except eat breakfast in bed.

Wearily he staggered up the shore of the atoll, only pausing long enough to slap a persistent shark on the nose with the tail of his nightgown.

Sleep! Sleep! All he wanted was sleep! Suddenly a large cocoanut fell silently from the top of a palm tree and landed on Elmer's head with a rich, mellow thud. A second later Elmer was fast asleep.

III

Refreshed by forty-eight hours' sleep, Elmer Tanbark rolled over and drew his suitcase to him. Opening it, he disclosed a large number of cylindrical tin boxes, on the label of each of which was printed the

With these words, he launched his motor-boat, poured the gasoline in the tank, donned a shirt, hat and golf stockings, packed his supplies and his remaining tablets in the stern, hitched his canoe to the rudder-post, gave the fly-wheel a twist, and steered his little craft for the open sea.



Young Admirer—"Why don't you let them use your name for a health-drink add?"

Modest Celebrity—"Why not my face? Look what coffee did."

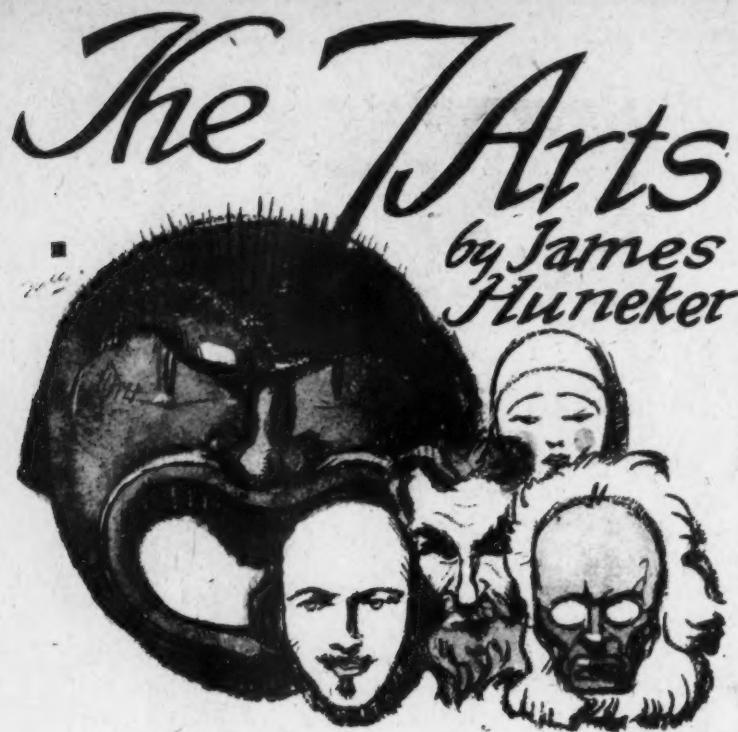
"These commodity-tablets are great things," he remarked, as he dissolved another tablet and bit into the Port Salut cheese which resulted, "but they have put a severe crimp in Romance."

Thereupon he gave his engine a little more gas in an effort to catch up with the sun, which had just sunk with the peculiar sizzling noise heard only in tropical waters; and no sound disturbed the velvety silence of the night save the loud, passionate shrieks which emanated from the green and purple tops of Elmer's golf stockings.

K. L. Roberts.

When we read of a sudden shift of the wind, and of German gases blowing back into German faces, occurs to us that "Hoist with his own Petard" has a snappy modern version in "Poisoned with his own Gas."



**Bill**

Of course, I mean Bill Shakespeare, whose name is in every one's mouth nowadays. I am one of the few who haven't written a "poem" on Bill; but that's because I believe Shakespeare wrote the Shakespeare plays. Rather a novelty, that idea, isn't it? However, it's not with the immortal bard we are now concerned; the reactions of his art upon the public is of more moment. Again we are reminded that "Shakespeare pays," yet I've seen empty seats at many a revival. Perhaps, like Bernard Shaw, Shakespeare reads better than he plays. And the sumptuousness of some of the productions! Sir Herbert Tree has patterned after Henry Irving in this matter. "Henry VIII" at the New Amsterdam was magnificently mounted. At times we couldn't hear the author, so richly decorated was his poetry. Edith Wynne Matthison, finished artiste, Lyn Harding, the very picture of bluff King Hal, and Tree as the Cardinal — to mention the principals — were alike admirable. At the Century Theatre "The Tempest" was put on with great skill and the play competently enacted. One amateur critic who had paid, drifted in with the hazy notion that Marie Tempest headed the cast. As he served me shad roe at Jack's the other day, he confessed his dislike for the masterpiece. "It was the driest thing I ever sat through. Say, those 'thees' and 'thous' made me sleep. And Sweet Marie wasn't in sight." I asked him if he knew that Shakespeare was the author and he remarked that he didn't care. Whoever concocted the mess was a "dub." Poor Bill!

High Jinksy

I wonder if anyone of my readers recalls a pretty pantomime at the old Daly Theatre about twenty years ago entitled "The Prodigal Son" ("L'Enfant Prodigue"). I've forgotten who wrote the book, but the music was composed by André Wormser, a Parisian. In the Metropolitan Opera House during the last matinée of the Russian Ballet I couldn't repress my astonishment at the size of the audience. Packed like sardines thousands followed with unwearyed attention the sometime complex plots of the ballets, danced by Bolm, Sokolova, Révalles, Lopokova, Tchernecheva, Massine and Nijinsky. When Pilar-Morin played "The Prodigal Son," with the graceful piano partition interpreted by Aime Lachaume, you could count the number of souls in the auditorium. Manager Ed. Cleary often did. This charming pantomime is far superior to much of the stuff presented by the Russian dancers (as was the ballet in "Prince Igor") in the regular operatic repertory far better danced by our local ballet headed by Rosita Galli.) The Wormser pantomime was pronounced exotic by the average critic and man in the street, and now the

man in the street — I speak metaphorically — crowds into the Century and the Opera House to swell the box-office receipts. Little wonder Manager John Brown smiles cynically if you speak of improved public taste. He knows. He planned and successfully carried out the publicity campaign. The present Serge de Diaghileff company is not to be compared with the original organization we saw in Paris some five years ago. High Jinksy himself seemed to tread the air on more elastic toes then. By the way, why not revive "L'Enfant Prodigue?"

It is a holy and wholesome thought of Lucien Bonheur to give New York a French theatre. We have German, Italian, Yiddish and Chinese theatres, indeed, nearly every nationality has its theatre except the French. Thus has it been for years. The French drama has never taken root here. Why? Perhaps the war may help the scheme. At the Century last season, the Bonheur company ended its present season at the old Berkeley Lyceum. I only saw a single performance, a mediocre one, of the Pailleron comedy, that perennial favorite in Paris, "Le Monde ou l'on s'Ennuie." I fancy the audience at this particular matinee was more ennuied than the mimic world on the boards. It was the sort of performance one witnesses on the exterior boulevard; say, the Clichy. It was not worth more than a fifth of the price exacted for the seats in the orchestra; that is to say, about 50 cents. I submit to Mr. Bonheur that \$2.50 is an absurdly high figure to pay for such poor *mise-en-scène*.

Of the cleverness of certain players, such as Yvonne Garrick, Claude Benedict and Lillian Greuze there can be no question; these people speak and act with an intelligence that puts to shame the crude diction and clumsy gestures of our nature — even ill-trained actors and actresses. Nevertheless, M. Bonheur should not ask his public to pay more than the English speaking theatres. I noted in the audience the usual persons out to improve their French accent, who invariably laughed at the wrong time and addressed the girl ushers as "Madam-wah-sells." Possibly we had to pay higher for that accent.

Grace George and George Shaw were a team this year at the Playhouse. Apart from her successful — artistically and we hope financially — stock company, she has given the public two novel Shaw plays: "Major Barbara" and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." The first named I saw in London some years ago with Annie Russell as the amateur Salvation Army lassie; Captain Brassbound — the only female personage in the play was written for Ellen Terry — I had read and enjoyed as we do in the case of all the Shaw fantasies. Whether Miss George, with her prim personality and staccato utterance is an ideal Lady Cicely Waynflete, I can't say, though I fancy not. This modern Portia who tames the Pirate — didn't Mr. Shaw suggest that the true title ought to have been "Portia and the Pirate"; or was it some one else! — should be, as I see her, at least six feet high, with buck-teeth, a long upper lip and a masculine stride; in a word, as if she had stepped out of the *Journal pour Rire*, or any other caricature so dear to the Parisian. Miss George was the reverse. Miss George was never expansive. At any rate, she was agreeable to the ear and eye, but I must implore her to put on weight. She is shrinking. A trifling increase in avoirdupois would be more becoming. "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" is amusing, nothing more — and that's a lot to say of a play to-day. It is melodrama, without the drama. If he had deliberately intended to parody the romantic play of adventure — who knows! perhaps he did — the author couldn't have woven a more comical tissue of circumstances. As usual, his low-comedy character is the most vital in the cast. (Recall "Major Barbara" and "You Never Can Tell," not to mention "Pygmalion.") Ernest Lawford as the severe English judge and Robert Warwick as Captain Brassbound were admirably cast, yet the cockney humors of Lewis Edgard left the most abiding impression. The production, like all others at the Playhouse, ran on oiled wheels. Grace George is to be congratulated on her management.

The Theatre French

DIETING IN ORDER TO BECOME THIN ENOUGH TO HAVE AS AN EXCUSE FOR NOT GOING TO THE BALL-GAME "THE SEATS ARE TOO HARD."

IMMEDIATELY AFTER TEACHER HAD ANNOUNCED THAT THE BOY HAVING THE BEST MARK IN DEPORTMENT AT THE END OF THE TERM WILL RECIEVE A BASE-BALL TICKET.

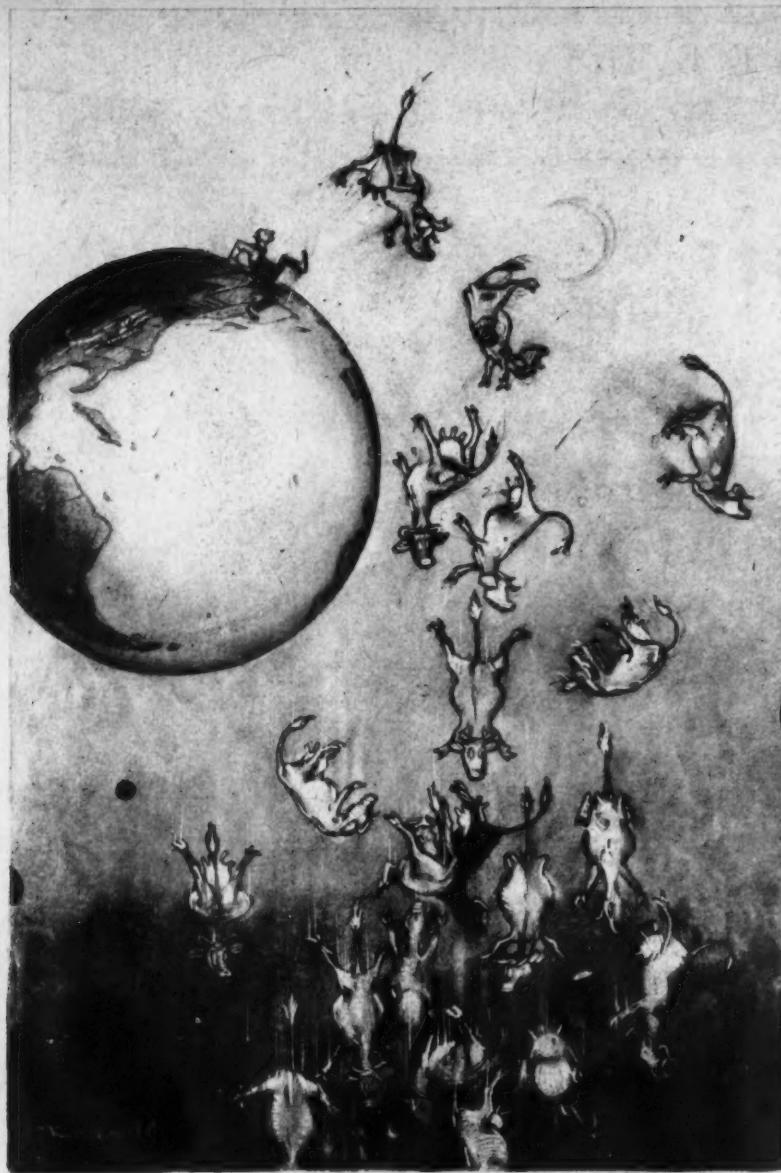


THE VISITOR—LE'S GO UP TO DE BALL-GAME, THAM. THAM—AN' GIT MAH HAID KNOCKED OFF BY A FOUL-TIP?—NO, SAH!

SPORTING-WRITER (WHO MUST GO)—HI, BOY. HERE'S A QUARTER. LOOK THROUGH THAT KNOTHOLE AND TELL ME THE BATTERIES AND THE SCORE.—BOY—MAKE IT 50¢.

Drawn by Ralph Barton

WIGGLING OUT OF GOING TO A BALL GAME



The Revenge of a Man on a Milk Diet

Drawn by Forbell



Short Sighted Old Lady—"Whatever can those men be thinking about, running around without any trousers!"

Drawn by Hal Burrows

Emancipated Epitahs

"Why should the married woman be listed on her tombstone as 'Jane, wife of John Smith'? Why shouldn't the data on the stone below which she rests be personal data? This sinking of the woman's identity in that of her husband, even in the record that is graven for future generations to read, is extremely unfair."—*Miss Adeline W. Sterling to the Daughters of the Revolution.*

Here lies interred one Sarah Jane,
A woman with a massive brain;
Her husband was a simlike wight—
See stoneless grave upon the right.

Stranger, pause, and look who's here;
The wife by Henry Jones held dear;
Land knows how Henry gets along,
For everything he does goes wrong.

Here lieth one whose maiden name
Was Pearl Clarissa Gladys Mayme.
Her married name, she said, was
Smith,
And no name to be buried with.

Rest in Peace; you need it bad;
The only rest you ever had,
Your husband led you such a life,
We're sorry for his second wife.

Kind friends, I know not what is said
On this here stone above my head,
I s'pose it is—I have to laugh—
The same old man-made epitah.

Beneath this stone some day will lie
A lady who has yet to die.
Her husband's huge success in life
Is solely due to her, his wife.
She had this tombstone carved
and set
For fear her husband might forget.

—A. H. F.

New York, it is predicted, will be dry in another ten years. When that happens the Broadway bars and cafes will undoubtedly be closed promptly at 1 a. m.

Some of the Presidential candidates will presently learn the difference between a boom and a boomerang.

By advancing the clock an hour, it is estimated, Great Britain can save \$12,500,000 annually. Under these circumstances it is foolish not to advance it twenty-four hours and really clean up.

You may have noticed that even the preparedness parade started behind time.

"Nutmeg Moose Bound to T. R."
—Headline.
What is the "meg" doing in there?

There were a lot of pronouns in that German note and not a single one of the first person singular variety. What a beautiful example for T. R.

MRS. CANARY'S NIECE MILLY

By HELENA SMITH-DAYTON.
Illustrated from Clay Models by the Author

"Yes, Mrs. Canary?" Dave Hemisphere's voice had the forced note in it that accompanies a weak mind, determined to be strong.

"Why, you see, Mr. Hemisphere," said Mrs. Canary, "I've got two theater tickets for this evening and I find that it's impossible for me to go. I do hate to have dear Milly miss it, and as I heard you mention to Miss Golightly that you didn't have anything to do this evening — and as she's going out with Mr. Gregory — I thought that you'd be so kind as to —"

"I'll — I'll take your niece," said Dave.

A few moments later Dave Hemisphere was protesting to Gertie Golightly.

"Why does she always pick on me?" he demanded. "I vowed that the other night would be the last time. As if anyone couldn't

see through her game! Why doesn't she rope in Gregory? Or, even old Alfred Colt?"

Gertie snickered. "Well, can you see Gregory going out with 'my niece Milly'?" And, as for Alfred Colt — huh! My dear child you are eligible! You're a nice young man, good salary, with prospects and just waiting for the right girl."

"Oh, quit kidding," pleaded Dave. "I can't help it 'cause I'm good natured and get let in for things. If I was a selfish grouch like Gregory —"

It was at this moment that Gregory appeared in his doorway and took Miss Gertie Golightly off for the evening.

Milly, the heroine of many of Mrs. Canary's monologues, had proved to be a disappointment to the boarders. She didn't



"It strikes me," said Gregory "that it is just the time and place for some soda."



Milly was a tall young woman of mousey coloring

come up to such advance notices as, "My niece Milly is such a talented girl," "this beautiful magazine cover reminds me so much of my niece Milly," "she's the image of what I was at her age," and "My niece, Miss Boggs, is so clever about her clothes."

Milly was a tall young woman of mousey coloring, addicted to pale blue silk waists and caterpillar cloth skirts. She was not a self-starting conversationalist and when forced to talk apparently had a mind filled with minor details. She was, in short, the sort of girl one gets introduced to at parties, the tenth from the girl one wants to meet.

Aunt Hattie Canary had a delightful lunch waiting for Dave and Milly when they returned from the theater that evening. As Dave accepted the second helping of shrimp salad he tried to earn it by talking to Mrs. Canary about the show. It wouldn't have been so bad — this entertaining of the visiting niece — if Mrs. Canary hadn't kept coquettishly referring to "you young people."

Dave felt compromised. He didn't want to be "you young people" with Niece Milly. For him there was just one gleam of hope in the situation. Milly Boggs did not seem any more charmed with Dave than he was with her. Dave might have been further encouraged had he heard the conversation between aunt and niece, later.

"You are a very peculiar girl, Milly, I must say," reproached Mrs. Canary. "A nicer young man than Dave Hemisphere never set foot in my house."

"Well, he isn't my style," sniffed Milly. "All I can say is," sighed Mrs. Canary, "there's no pleasing girls, nowadays. I've done everything I could, since you've been here, to introduce you to nice people. If you won't make any effort to do your part

(Continued on page 21)

MY DEAR MRS. BILLINGTON

By H. C. BUNNER
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

MISS Carmelita Billington sat in a bent-wood rocking-chair in an upper room of a great hotel by the sea, and cried for a little space, and then for a little space dabbed at her hot cheeks and red eyes with a handkerchief wet with cologne; and dabbed and cried, and dabbed and cried, without seeming to get any "forwarder." The sun and the fresh breeze and the smell of the sea came in through her open windows, but she heeded them not. She mopped herself with cologne till she felt as if she could never again bear to have that honest scent near her dainty nose; but between the mops the tears trickled and trickled and trickled; and she was dreadfully afraid that inwardly, into the surprising great big cavity that had suddenly found room for itself in her poor little heart, the tears would trickle, trickle, trickle forever. It was no use telling herself she had done right. When you have done right and wish you hadn't had to you can't help having a profound contempt for the right. The right is respectable, of course, and proper and commendable and—in short, it's the right;—but, oh! what a nuisance it is! You can't help wondering in your private mind why the right is so disagreeable and unpleasant and unsatisfactory, and the wrong so extremely nice. Of course, it was right to refuse Jack Hatterly; but why, why on earth couldn't it just as easily have been right to accept him? And the more she thought about it the more she doubted whether it was always quite right to do right, and whether it was not sometimes entirely wrong not to do wrong.

No; it was no use telling herself to be a brave girl. She was a brave girl and she knew it. In the face of the heartless world she could bear herself as jauntily as if she were heartless, too; but in the privacy of her own room, with Mama fast asleep on the verandah below, she could not see the slightest use in humbugging herself. She was perfectly miserable, and the rest of her reflections might have been summed up in the simple phrase of early girlhood, "So there!"

It was no consolation to poor Carmelita's feelings that her little private tragedy was of a most business-like, commonplace, unromantic complexion. It only made her more disgusted with herself for having made up her mind to do the right thing. She was not torn from her chosen love by the hands of cruel parents. Her parents had never denied her anything in her life, and if she had really wanted to wed a bankrupt bashaw with three tails and an elephant's head, she could have had her will. Nor did picturesque poverty have anything to do with the situation. She was rich and so was Jack. Nor could she rail against a parental code of morality too stern for tender hearts. There was not the least atom of objection to Jack in any respect. He was absolutely as nice as could be—

and, unless I am greatly misinformed, a good-looking young man, deeply in love, can be very nice indeed.

And yet there was no doubt in Carmelita's mind that it was her plain duty to refuse Jack. To marry him would mean to utterly give up and throw aside a plan of life, which, from her earliest childhood, she had never imagined to be capable of the smallest essential alteration. If a man who had devoted his whole mind and soul to the business of manufacturing overshoes



"And may I ask, Mr. Hatterly," inquired Mrs. Billington, "what my daughter's hand was doing through the ventilator?"

were suddenly invited to become a salaried poet on a popular magazine, he could not regard the proposed change of profession as more preposterously impossible than the idea of marriage with Jack Hatterly seemed to Miss Carmelita Billington.

For Miss Billington occupied a peculiar position. She was the Diana of a small but highly prosperous city in the South-West; a city which her father had built up in years of enterprising toil. To mention the town of Los Brazos to any capitalist in the land was to call up the name of Billington, the brilliant speculator who, ruined on the Boston stock-market, went to Texas and absolutely created a town which for wealth, beauty and social distinction had not its equal in the great South-West. It was colonized with college graduates from New York, Boston and Philadelphia; and, in Los Brazos, boys who had left cane-rushes and campus choruses scarce ten years behind them had fortunes in the hundred thousands, and stood high in public places. As the daughter of the founder of Brazos, Miss Billington's fortunes were allied, she could not but feel, to the place of her birth. There

she must marry, there must she continue the social leadership which her mother was only too ready to lay down. The Mayor of the town, the District Attorney, the Supreme Court Judge and the Bishop were all among her many suitors; and six months before she had wished, being a natural-born sport, if she was a girl, that they would only get together and shake dice to see which of them should have her. But then she hadn't come East and met Jack Hatterly.

She thought of the first day she had seen the Atlantic Ocean and Jack, and she wished now that she had never been seized with the fancy to gaze on the great water. And yet, what a glorious day that was! How grand she had thought the ocean! And how grand she had thought Jack! And now she had given him up forever, that model of manly beauty and audacity; Jack with his jokes and his deviltries and his exhaustless capacity for ever new and original larks. Was it absolutely needful? Her poor little soul had to answer itself that it was. To leave Los Brazos and the great house with the cool, quiet court-yard and the broad verandahs, and to live in crowded, noisy New York, where she knew not a soul except Jack—to be separated from those two good fairies who lived only to gratify her slightest wish—to "go back on" Los Brazos, the pride of the Billingtons—no; it was impossible, impossible! She must stick to her post and make her choice between the Mayor and the Judge and the District Attorney and the Bishop. But how dull and serious and business-like they all seemed to her now that she had known Jack Hatterly, the first man she had ever met with a well-developed sense of humor!

What made it hardest for poor Carmelita was, perhaps, that fate had played her cruel pranks ever since the terrible moment of her act of renunciation. Thirty-six hours before, at the end of the dance in the great hotel parlors, Jack had proposed to her. For many days she had known what was coming, and what her answer must be, and she had given him no chance to see her alone. But Jack was Jack, and he had made his opportunity for himself, and had said his say under cover of the confusion at the end of the dance; and she had promised to give him his answer later, and she had given it, after a sleepless and tearful night; just a line to say that it could never, never be, and that he must not ask her again. And it had been done in such a commonplace, unromantic way that she hated to think of it—the meagre, insufficient little note handed to her maid to drop in the common letter-box of the hotel, and to lie there among bills and circulars and all sorts of silly, every-day correspondence, until the hotel-clerk should take it out and put it in Jack's box. She had passed through the office a little later, and her heart had sunk within her as she saw his morning's mail waiting for him in its pigeon-hole, and thought what the opening of it would bring to him.

But this was the least of her woe. Later came the fishing trip on the crowded cat-boat. She had fondly hoped that he would have the delicacy to excuse himself from

that party of pleasure; but no, he was there, and doing just as she had asked him to, treating her as if nothing had happened, which was certainly the most exasperating thing he could have done. And then, to crown it all, they had been caught in a storm; and had not only been put in serious danger, which Carmelita did not mind at all, but had been tossed about until they were sore, and drenched with water, and driven into the stuffy little hole that was called a cabin, to choke and smother and bump about in nauseated misery for two mortal hours, with the spray driving in through the gaping hatches; a dozen of them in all, packed together in there in the ill-smelling darkness. And so it was no wonder that, after a second night of utter misery, Miss Carmelita Billington felt so low in her nerves that she was quite unable to withhold her tears as she sat alone and thought of what lay behind her and before her.

She had been sitting alone a long time when she heard her mother come up the stairs and enter her own room. Mrs. Billington was as stout as she was good-natured, and her step was not that of a lightweight. An irresistible desire came to the girl to go to her and pour out her grief, with her head pillow'd on that broad and kindly bosom. She started up and hurried into the little parlor that separated her room from her mother's. As she entered the room at one door, Mr. Jack Hatterly entered through the door opening into the corridor. Then Carmelita lost her breath in wonderment, anger and dismay, for Mr. Jack Hatterly put his arm around her waist, kissed her in a somewhat casual manner, and then the door of her mother's room opened and her mother appeared; and instead of rebuking such extraordinary conduct, assisted Mr. Hatterly in gently thrusting her into the chamber of the elder lady with the kind of caressing but steering push with which a child is dismissed when grown-ups wish to talk privately.

"Stay in there, my dear, for the present; Mr. Hatterly and I have something to say to each other. I will call you later."

And before Carmelita fairly knew what had happened to her she found herself on the other side of the door, wondering exactly where insanity had broken out in the Billington family.

It took the astonished Miss Billington a couple of seconds to pull herself together, and then she seized the handle of the door with the full intention of walking indignantly into the parlor and demanding an explanation. But she had hardly got the door open by the merest crack when the discourse of Mr. John Hatterly paralyzed her as thoroughly as had his previous actions.

"My dear Mrs. Billington," he was saying, in what Carmelita always called his "florid" voice, "I thoroughly understand your position, and I know the nature of the ties that bind Carmelita to her father's home. Had I known of them earlier, I might have avoided an association that could only have one ending for me. But it is not for myself that I speak now. Perhaps I have been unwise, and even wrong; but what is done

is done, and I know now that she loves me as she could love no other man."

"Good gracious!" said Carmelita to herself, behind the door; "how does he know that?"



And before Carmelita fairly knew what had happened to her she found herself on the other side of the door

"Is it not possible, Mr. Hatterly, that there is some misunderstanding?" asked Mrs. Billington.

"My dear Mrs. Billington," said Jack, impressively; "there is no possible misunderstanding. She told me so herself."



that dear little hand came out and touched mine

Carmelita opened her eyes and her mouth, and stood as one petrified.

"Well, if I ever —!" was all that she whispered to herself, in the obscurity of her mother's room. She had addressed just seven words to Jack Hatterly on the fishing trip, and five of these were "Apple pie, if you please;" and the other two, uttered later, were "Not very."

"But, Mr. Hatterly," persisted Mrs. Billington, "when did you receive this assurance of my daughter's feelings? You

tell me that you spoke to her on this subject only the night before last, and I am sure she has hardly been out of my sight since."

"Yesterday," said Jack, in his calmest and most assured tone; "on the boat, coming home, during the squall."

Miss BILLINGTON (*behind the door, aside*). — "The shameless wretch! Why, he doesn't seem even to *know* that he's lying!"

"But, Mr. Hatterly," exclaimed Mrs. Billington; "during the squall we were all in the cabin, and you were outside, steering!"

"Certainly," said Jack.

"Then — excuse me, Mr. Hatterly — but how could my daughter have conveyed any such intelligence to you?"

Miss BILLINGTON (*as before*). — "What is the man going to say now? He must be perfectly crazy!"

Mr. Hatterly was calm and imperturbed

"My dear Mrs. Billington," he responded, "you may or may not have observed a small heart-shaped aperture in each door or hatch of the cabin, exactly opposite the steersman's seat. It was through one of these apertures that your daughter communicated with me. Very appropriate shape, I must say, although their purpose is simply that of ventilation."

"It was very little ventilation we had in that awful place, Mr. Hatterly!" interjected Mrs. Billington, remembering those hours of horror.

"Very little, indeed, my dear Mrs. Billington," replied Mr. Hatterly, in an apologetic tone; "and I am afraid your daughter and I, between us, were responsible for some of your discomfort. She had her hand through the port ventilator about half the time."

Miss BILLINGTON (*as before*). — "I wonder the man isn't struck dead, sitting there! Of all the wicked, heartless falsehoods I ever heard —!"

"And may I ask, Mr. Hatterly," inquired Mrs. Billington, "what my daughter's hand was doing through the ventilator?"

"Pressing mine, God bless her!" responded Mr. Hatterly, unabashed.

Miss BILLINGTON (*as before, but conscious of a sudden, hideous chill*). — "Good heavens! the man can't be lying; he's simply mistaken."

"I see, my dear Mrs. Billington," said Mr. Hatterly, "that I shall have to be perfectly frank with you. Such passages are not often repeated, especially to a parent; but under the circumstances I think you will admit that I have no other guarantee of my good faith to give you. I have no doubt that if you were to ask your daughter at this minute about her feelings, she would think she ought to sacrifice her affection to the duty that she thinks is laid out for her in a distant life. Did I feel that she could ever have any happiness in following that path, believe me, I should be the last to try to win her from it, no matter what might be my own loneliness and misery. But after what she confided to me in that awful hour of peril, where, in the presence of imminent death, it was impossible for her to conceal or repress the deepest feelings of her heart, I should be doing an injustice to her as well as to myself, and even to you,

(Continued on page 22)



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Effeminate Farmers

They report that all the farmers up that way are busy with their spring sewing, which they are anxious to get in before it is too late. —*Willamina (Ore.) Times.*

He Didn't Notice It

We usually retire about 9 o'clock. Last Wednesday night we were somewhat wearied. Knowing that it was nearing 9, we slipped off our pants and went to the bed and sat down on a wasp. Golly! we never heard the clock strike 9 at all. —*Clarksville (Ark.) Democrat.*

Students—Tanks

Among the present Sydney Academy students who have joined the tanks of the 185th is McKenzie Johnson, one of the most popular scholars.

—*The Sydney (Aus.) Heather.*

Which?

It is learned here that Hon. Mark Magette, of Tyrrell county will not stand for the nomination for the Senate. This is due we are informed to the health of his wife which his many friends very much regret.

—*Washington (N. C.) Progress.*

Where is She?

James Rowland Moody, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Moody, formerly of this city, was recently married to a young lady residing in Chicago. The groom is now residing in Los Angeles.

—*Waterloo (Iowa) Courier.*

She Will Be Missed

The neighbors of Mrs. Dora Shellhammer sadly regret her moving to Lost Run, for they will have to go further in case of the need of a butcher. —*The Logan (O.) Gazette.*

It Dosen't Get Us the Same Way

George Smith is home again. Ha! Ha! Ha! Poo! —*Curtis, cor. of the St. Ignace (Mich.) Enterprise.*

A Loosening

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank all those who helped me during my misfortune of loosing a cow. Especially do I wish to thank Mr. Nick Koivisto, who collected \$35.10, and Mrs. Hill, who collected \$11.75.

I hope God will give success to all these people all through life. Mr. NICK NANHA. —*Adv. in the Two Harbors (Minn.) Journal-News.*

Musical Criticism

The singer and pianist at the concert Friday night wore her dress cut very low in the back, in the same style that Mark Atherly wears his hair.

—*The Gridley (Kan.) Light.*

PUCK will be glad to have the assistance of readers in the collection of items for this page. If you come across a clipping which is a worthy example of the freedom of the press, send it in to

K. S., care of PUCK.

Black and White

One of the season's most charming receptions was given by Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Newlin at their beautiful home on West Main street last Saturday evening. It was in honor of their silver wedding anniversary. The door was answered by a colored valet, who wore white gloves and vest.

—*The Robinson (Ill.) Constitution.*

Diversion

Ben Eaton butchered Tuesday, and the same old crowd was there.

—*The Hays (Kan.) Free Press.*

Things Are Not What They Seem

Hogadone's Confectionery is the place to buy your groceries, cured meats and fish.

—*The Kanogan (Wash.) Independent.*

Not Entitled To Pick

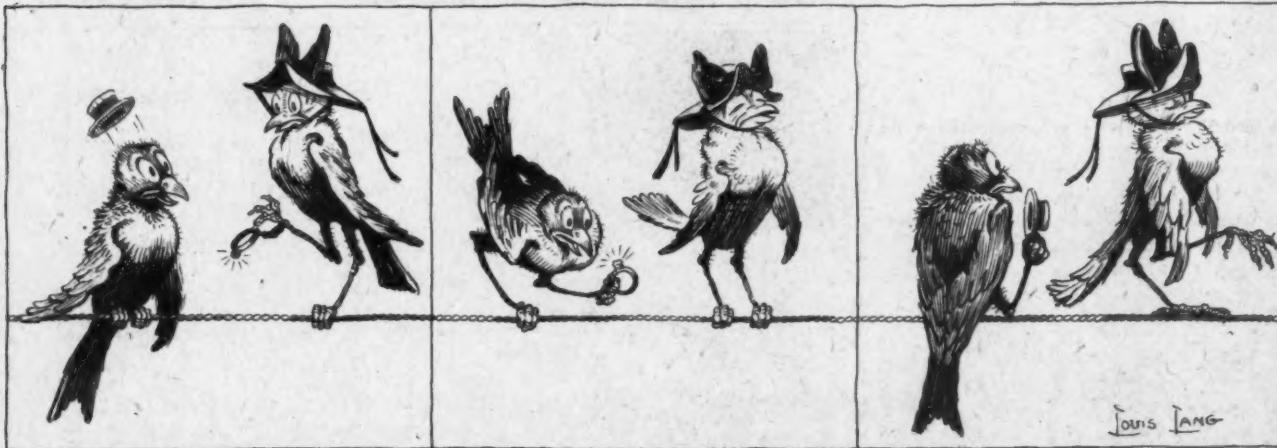
The story is being circulated that I was discharged from the office of deputy sheriff because I disobeyed the law. I defy Hon. Mr. Dunphy, or any one to prove same. Mr. Dunphy's excuse to me was that I was getting all the work to do and he was sitting around Sandusky doing nothing. That was not the reason that I was removed. Why did not Mr. Dunphy go to work? He had the chance. I was appointed deputy sheriff in September, 1915, by Mr. Dunphy and told to get evidence against a certain person in the village of Lexington for violating the local option law which Mr. Dunphy admitted he could not get. The evidence was produced.

Moral—I do not expect to pick the roses when Mr. Thos. Dunphy planted the bush. —*ABNER JACKMAN.*

Lexington, Mich.

—*Adv. in the Lexington (Mich.) News.*

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



Here is your ring back, Mr. Swallow

I don't care to marry anyone

that wears a swallow tailed coat in the morning!

A Specialist

"Mary, have you cemented the handle on the water-pitcher you dropped yesterday?"
 "Well, mum, I started to, but I dropped the cement-bottle."



Young Man—(to Pharmacist) "I'd like to get some bleach for this lock of hair; er-the-er young lady is now a blond!"

Willie The Wise

TEACHER: Willie, who was that that prompted you then? I distinctly heard some one whisper that date.

WILLIE: Excuse me, Miss, but I expect that it was history repeating itself again.

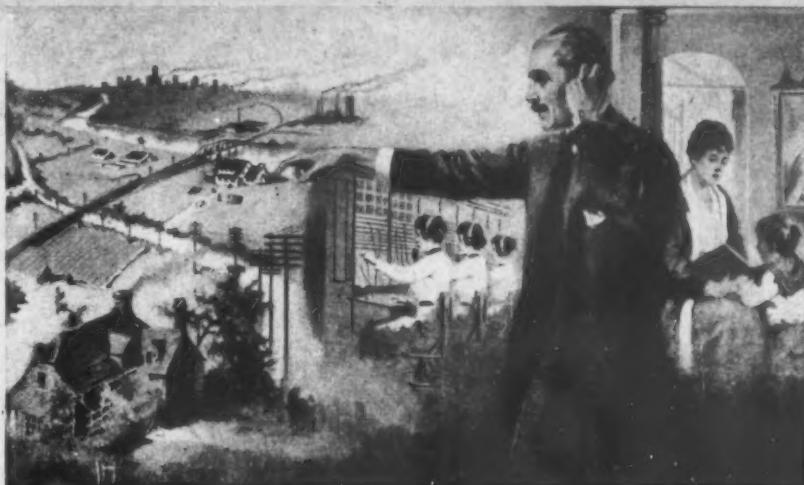


Little Girl—"Mister, will you please water my plant?"

Differentiation

"How did Smith make all his money?"
 "By judicious speculation."
 "And how did Jones lose his fortune?"
 "Dabbling in stocks."

When informed that our erstwhile contemporary, *Harper's Weekly*, was to be merged with another periodical, Everitt Shinn offered odds, with no takers, that the anonymous purchaser was *Bruno's Weekly*.



The Kingdom of the Subscriber

In the development of the telephone system, the subscriber is the dominant factor. His ever-growing requirements inspire invention, lead to endless scientific research, and make necessary vast improvements and extensions.

Neither brains nor money are spared to build up the telephone plant, to amplify the subscriber's power to the limit.

In the Bell System you have the most complete mechanism in the world for communication. It is animated by the broadest spirit of service, and you dominate and control it in the double capacity of the caller and the called. The telephone cannot think and talk for you, but it carries your thought where you will. It is yours to use.

Without the co-operation of the subscriber, all that has been done to perfect the system is useless and proper service cannot be given. For example, even though tens of millions were spent to build the Transcontinental Line, it is silent if the man at the other end fails to answer.

The telephone is essentially democratic; it carries the voice of the child and the grown-up with equal speed and directness. And because each subscriber is a dominant factor in the Bell System, Bell Service is the most democratic that could be provided for the American people.

It is not only the implement of the individual, but it fulfills the needs of all the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service



Some Bears by Rolf Armstrong

A charming den picture
in full color, on heavy plate
paper, size 11 x 14, sent to
any address, carefully protect-
ed and all ready
for framing for **25c**

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PUCK Publishing Corporation, 210 Fifth Ave., New York

Ancient and Modern

Abdurrahman is attempting to make good the deficiencies of his early education by assiduous reading of history.

"This man, the Athenian Alcibiades," he began, one evening.

"Oh yes, to be sure, Alcibiades," I replied uneasily. It is a number of years since I have studied ancient history and I really did not remember Alcibiades distinctly. But Abdurrahman believes in my omniscience and I have not the heart to disabuse him.

"He must have been a most extraordinary man," went on Alcibiades.



"Harold, wouldn't it be divine to have a woman of that type for a helpmate?"

"Not for me! What I want is a woman with arms."

"Oh, Harold, this is so sudden!"

"Most extraordinary indeed!" I ejaculated.

"That a man should have been able to retain his hold on the people under circumstances that ought to have completely discredited him! It seems unbelievable. He seems to have been on every side of every question at about the same time. During the war between Athens and Sparta, he was for peace when he addressed the peace agitators, but for such a peace that would secure to Athens her supremacy over her rival. Of course, the latter sentiment was directed to those who were eager for war. He believed in a pure democracy, but in one in which the natural leaders of the people, the nobles, would enjoy the place which was their due. He assured the poor that all the burdens of the state would be borne by the rich, but made it clear to the rich that he meant those burdens that all citizens bear. He was saved from an ignominious failure as a soldier by the skill of his colleague, and yet retained the reputation of a good general. He was a member of every party as long as he thought he could use it. And he left a party and rejoined it with startling rapidity. He was an enlightened freethinker without abating one jot of his reverence for the ancestral religion."

"Hold on," I cried bewildered. "Are you quite sure that you are reading about Alcibiades?"

"Quite sure. Why?"

"I thought you had got hold of a biography of Theodore Roosevelt." —Curt Hansen.

One Touch of Nature

There was pandemonium in the theatre. The play was evoking various expressions from the audience and the actors were dodging between lines. Amidst the general tumult the playwright rushed out before the footlights and frantically waved his arms for silence. In a voice tense with feeling he quavered.

"Let him who has never written a play among you throw the first stone!"

For a moment there was a breathless pause as of many souls hushed in the presence of a dead past. Then in the topmost gallery a sympathetic butcher sobbed and in the orchestra a susceptible wholesale grocer fainted. The sound of a little sniffling, mingled with the dull dab dab of many noses being powdered and the play went on uninterrupted. Tragedy had purged the emotions.

The debutante was trying to keep up her end of the conversation with the professor of zoology by incessant chatter about animals she had seen perform on the stage.

"I saw a group of several monkeys swing by their arms from a trapeze, hang by one hand and turn somersaults on a narrow board," she gushed.

"I have seen acrobats do as much," observed the learned man.

"Oh, but you don't understand," she went on hurriedly. "Men can do it of course. But what do you think of it being done by a little monkey?"

Well, it has been officially decided that a family of five can exist on \$7.31 a week. But Corporations, of course, will not pay an employe this grand wage unless he can prove that he really has a family of five.



Mr. Fusser—"Hey, there! You darn fool! Look out for that fresh paint!"

The daylight saving plan has been adopted in Germany and is now being considered in Great Britain and France. There is one man in the United States who can be depended upon to resist any attempt to bring it here, and that is Diamond Jim Brady. To the one and only James Buchanan, an hour cut from his nights to add to his days would be an irremediable loss.



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Unsurpassed Mineral Water



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TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Buttons like a glove---remains in button hole whether fastened or unfastened.
Makes rolling up sleeves easy---cannot drop or fly out of cuffs---does away with pulling buttoned cuffs over hands.
See KUM-A-PARTS at your haberdashers or jewelers.

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**PEOPLE
LIKE THAT**

By Kate
Langley Bosher

Author of "Mary Cary"

A spirit of love for others breathes through this vivid story of emotional heights and warm human interest. The heroine listens to the call which echoes through the world to-day—"Am I my sister's keeper?"—and takes up the challenge.

Illustrated \$1.25 net

HARPER & BROTHERS

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Are You a Bunner "Fan"?

On receipt of \$1.00 for a Three Months' Trial subscription we will enter your subscription for 13 weeks and send you all back numbers containing the Bunner Stories

Don't Miss the Bunner Stories

Mrs. Canary's Niece Milly*(Continued from page 15)*

I shall wash my hands of the whole matter. You hardly spoke to Mr. Hemisphere this evening. Did you treat him as indifferently when you were out?"

"Oh, stop picking on me, Aunt Hattie! You're worse than Ma, if anyone can be," wailed Milly. "Thank goodness I'm going home next week."

For the remainder of Milly's visit, Mrs. Canary left her to her own devices. Milly read, Milly wrote letters, Milly went over to the drug store.

Every boarding house has its pet corner drug store. Parker's was the one patronized by the Canary household. It was at Parker's that old Mrs. Cribbage had all of her prescriptions filled; it was where Dave Hemisphere bought highly scented toilet soap and elegant shaving creams, where Gertie Golightly purchased shampoo mixtures and orange sticks, and where Alfred Colt renewed his faith in cures for rheumatism.

In the summer the boarders went to Parker's for ice cream sodas, and in winter for la grippe tablets. The whole year around all the boarders bought their postage stamps at Parker's.

The evening before her departure for home Milly went over to the drug store upon her last errand. It was in the doorway, coming out, that she met Mr. Gregory.

"Why, it's Miss Boggs," said Gregory, with the flattering intonation of interest, so easy for some men. "And how is Miss Boggs this jolly little Spring evening?"

Milly blushed. Milly stammered.

"It strikes me," said Gregory, "that it is just the time and place for some soda." He lead Milly back into the store.

Though Milly re-lived that scene for many a day after, she never could remember whether she walked over to the soda fountain or, whether she was just wafted there on a lovely pink cloud.

How much at ease he was! How awkward and self-conscious she felt as she ate the rich mixture recommended by the soda fountain clerk? Lemon phosphate would have been much more graceful to drink, she decided afterwards. Mr. Gregory had taken it.

Milly tried desperately to think of something bright to say while Mr. Gregory said bright things without ever seeming to try.

He walked all the way back with Milly. How she wished that she might chatter to him glibly as Gertie Golightly did.

"Well, Miss Boggs, I've brought you back safe and sound. If I shouldn't happen to see you again, good luck!" He held her hand, as he held all hands, for the fraction of a second too long. An airy lifting of his hat and Mr. Gregory was gone.

With a wildly beating heart Milly flew up the front steps past her Aunt Hattie and the others, on up to her little room. She looked long and earnestly into the mirror. Then, Milly's eyes fell upon her trunk, packed and strapped, ready for the expressman early in the morning.

It was to Mrs. Binney that Mrs. Canary opened her heart and bared her disappointment in her niece.

"The more you do for some people," she said, "the less thanks you get!"

You'll Like These Biscuit Bon-Bons

Hydrox — a generous layer of vanilla cream, between two delicate chocolate wafers. A rich, delicious wafer-confection is Hydrox.

Sunshine

Biscuits

That you may know the irresistible goodness of these rare Sunshine creations, send ten cents (to cover postage and packing) for the

Sunshine Revelation Box

which includes a variety of 14 Sunshine Dainties. Ask your dealer for Sunshine Biscuits. You'll like them.

In each package of Takoma Biscuit is a paper doll in colors. Other packages of Sunshine Biscuits contain pretty dresses for her. See list in Takoma package.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
817 Thomson Ave., L.I.C.
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**Barber Shop Conversation**
(Any Barber Shop)

"Haircut?" "Nope!"

"Sing?" "Nope!"

"Massage?" "Nope!"

"Shampoo?" "Nope!"

"GLOVERS? Yep!
IT KEEPS MY HAIR IN"

Glover's Mange Remedy

is a positive hair renewer. Results are very noticeable after a few applications.

ASK YOUR BARBER FOR IT

Advertising matter bearing imprint, and display cards supplied gratis to barbers

H. CLAY GLOVER COMPANY
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\$-Old Coins Wanted-\$

\$2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of U. S. and Foreign Coins. Keep ALL money dated before 1896 and send TEN cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7, showing Guaranteed prices. Get Posted as it may mean your Fortune. CLARKE COIN CO., Box 47, LeRoy, N. Y.

**For the Vacation**

EXPERIENCED men, whether indulging in the hunt for game or other out-door sports, realize the benefits of good, invigorating

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Chosen by thousands of sport lovers who appreciate its strengthening qualities and its value for emergencies.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



My Dear Mrs. Billington

(Continued from page 17)

my dear Mrs. Billington — for I know how sincerely you wish her happiness — if I were to let any false delicacy keep me from telling you what she said to me." Jack Hatterly could talk when he got going.

Miss BILLINGTON (as before, but hot, not cold). — "Now, I am going to know which one of those girls was talking to him, if I have to stay here all day."

It was with a quavering voice that Mrs. Billington said:

"Under the circumstances, Mr. Hatterly, I think you might tell me all she said — all — all —"

Here Mrs. Billington drew herself up and spoke with a certain dignity. "I should explain to you, Mr. Hatterly, that during the return trip I was not feeling entirely well, myself, and I probably was not as observant as I should have been under other circumstances."

Miss BILLINGTON (as before, reflectively). — "Poor Ma! She was so sick that she went to sleep with her head on my feet. I believe it was that Peterson girl who was nearest the port ventilator."

Mr. Hatterly's tone was effusively grateful. "I knew that I could rely upon your clear sense, my dear Mrs. Billington," he said, "as well as upon your kindness of heart. Very well, then; the first thing I knew as I sat there alone, steering, almost blinded by the spray, Carmelita slipped her hand through the ventilator and caught mine in a pressure that went to my heart."

Miss BILLINGTON (as before, but without stopping to reflect). — "If I find out the girl that did that —"

Mr. Hatterly went on with warm gratitude in his voice: "And let me add, my dear Mrs. Billington, that every single time I luffed, that dear little hand came out and touched mine, to inspire me with strength and confidence."

Miss BILLINGTON (as before, with decision). — "I'll cut her hand off;"

"And in the lulls of the storm," Mr. Hatterly continued, "she said to me what nothing but the extremity of the occasion would induce me to repeat, my dear Mrs. Billington; 'Jack,' she said, 'I am yours, I am all yours, and yours forever.'"

Miss BILLINGTON (as before, but more so). — "That wasn't the Peterson girl. That was Mamie Jackson, for I have known of her saying it twice before."

Mrs. Billington leaned back in her chair, and fanned herself with her handkerchief.

"Oh, Mr. Hatterly!" she cried.

Mr. Hatterly leaned forward and captured one of Mrs. Billington's hands, while she covered her eyes with the other.

"Call me Jack," he said.

"I — I'm afraid I shall have to," sobbed Mrs. Billington.

Miss BILLINGTON (as before, grimly). — "Mamie Jackson's mother won't; I know that!"

"And then," Mr. Hatterly continued, "she said to me, 'Jack, I am glad of this fate. I can speak now as I never could have spoken before.'"

(Continued on page 25)

The *moderate man* is a boon to the community. Being neither narrow-minded nor overindulgent, he is the balance wheel of American life.

And it is to the moderate man that we direct our best effort in making a remarkably mild and mellow Whiskey — *Wilson — Real Wilson — That's All!*

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 1 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

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Summertime will soon be here and with it the joys of a vacation trip. Where are you going? The Great Lakes is the mecca for particular and experienced travelers on business and pleasure trips. The D. & C. Line Steamers embody all the qualities of speed, safety and comfort. The freedom of the decks, the cool refreshing lake breezes, the commodious staterooms and parlors and unexcelled cuisine, makes life aboard these floating palaces a source of continual enjoyment.

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Daily service between Detroit and Buffalo and Detroit and Cleveland. During July and August delightful day trips between Detroit and Cleveland—also two boats every Saturday and Sunday nights. Four trips weekly from Toledo and Detroit to Mackinac Island and Way Ports. From June 25th to September 10th Special Steamer Cleveland to Mackinac Island direct, making no stops enroute except at Detroit, each direction. Daily Service between Toledo and Put-in-Bay, June 10th to September 10th.

Railroad Tickets Accepted

For transportation on D. & C. Line Steamers between Detroit, Buffalo and Cleveland, either direction. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map, showing routes, rates, etc. Address L. G. Lewis, General Passenger Agent, Detroit, Mich.

D. & C. TALISMAN—Send \$1.00 cash or money order, for D. & C. Good Luck Frog Cham Men's Scarf Pin or Women's Brooch Pin, set with Mexican rubies and emeralds.

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GRANLIDEN HOTEL

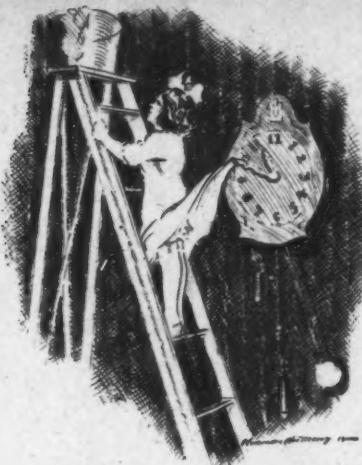
LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

AT the gateway of the White Mountains. The Ideal Tour Hotel at Lake Sunapee. Fine golf course, saddle horses, tennis, boating, canoeing, bathing, fishing for salmon, trout and bass as good, if not the best, in New England. Dancing afternoon and evening. Fine motoring, etc. Furnished cottages to rent. Accommodates 300 guests. Write for circular.

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Mr. Brown may be seen, personally, at Hotel Manhattan, from May 15th to June 8th. After that date, Granliden Hotel, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

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A Time Exposure

The Capsule Theatre

It was some years hence, and the scene was the great, sparkling city of New York.

"Quick! There he goes! Do you see him?" asked the New Yorker, visibly excited.

"See? See whom?" inquired the stranger in town, with perfect repose of manner.

"Oh, you've missed him. You were too slow," said the New Yorker, his annoyance but poorly concealed. "There is a throbbing crowd about him now."

"Yes; but who is he?" persisted the stranger.

The native New Yorker spoke impressively in reply.

"It is Sapphire Sam Clancy," he said; "he had the seats at the Capsule Theater last night."

"The seats? Why do you say the seats?"

"Because at the Capsule Theater there are but two; and people pay the most fabulous prices to get them."

"Why do they do that, pray?"

"Why? Because there are but two seats, and the man who occupies them—he takes a lady with him, of course—is the talk of the town next day."

"Why do New Yorkers wish to go to such a foolish theater? Is the play there so good?"

"Not at all; it may, or it may not be. But if you hold the seats at the Capsule it is a sure sign that you have money, and New York worships you. You are pointed out everywhere by everyone. As for the women, they will give anything; yes, sir—anything—for the privilege of going there."

"And how are these seats bought? Surely not at a box office."

"Gad, no! They are auctioned off at three o'clock each afternoon, in Wall Street, immediately after the closing of the Stock Exchange. The bidding is tremendous. It is one of the sights of New York."

"It must be. Who started this Capsule idea?"

"Why, it originated with a man who had a piece of New York real estate, a mere slice of land, which was too small to be used for anything else, so he built this theater. Hurry up! Maybe we can get a glimpse of Sapphire Sam if we run down to the next corner!"

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A superb Hardman Upright with the best Player-Action manufactured. Made in its entirety by us in our own factories. Easy terms if desired.

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Evens. 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.15

SIR HERBERT TREE'S
PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S

"Merchant of Venice"

With Elsie Ferguson, Lyn Harding and Tree

After the Play Visit Atop New Amsterdam Theatre

ZIEGFELD MEETING PLACE OF THE WORLD

MIDNIGHT FROLIC

48th ST. THEATRE 48th St. East of Broadway

Evenings 8.15 Matinee Thursdays & Saturdays 2.15

Messrs. Shubert Present

JUST A WOMAN BY EUGENE WALTER

REPUBLIC West 42nd St. Evngs. at 8.20
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2.20

A. H. Woods presents

COMMON CLAY By Clives Kinhead
With JANE COWL and All Star Cast

GEO. COHAN'S THEATRE B'way. 48th St.

Evens. 8.25 Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.30

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CANDLER West 42nd St., Near Broadway

Evenings at 8.15

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15

JUSTICE John Galsworthy's

Masterpiece

With John Barrymore and O. P. Heggie

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WORLD'S GREATEST SHOW LOWEST PRICE

MAT. DAILY 2.15 8.15

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ICE BALLET 8.15
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Staged by R. H. Burnside \$1.50
Sunday Nights, Sousa and His Band

GAIETY Broadway, 46th St. Evenings 8.20
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.20

MRS. FISKE

IN THE NEW AMERICAN COMEDY

ERSTWHILE SUSAN

ASTOR BROADWAY & 48th STREET
Evenings 8.10

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.10

Cohan and Harris present

The Cohan Revue 1916

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Evenings at 8.30

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COHAN AND HARRIS PRESENT

LEO DITRICHSTEIN

IN HIS COMEDY SUCCESS

THE GREAT LOVER

HUDSON THEATRE Matinees Wed. and Saturday

The Successor to "Peg O' My Heart"

THE CINDERELLA MAN

EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER'S NEW ROMANTIC

COMEDY WITH A NOTABLE CAST

RIALTO BROADWAY & 42D STREET

Direction of S. L. ROTHAPFEL

Continuous Show from Noon

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WINTER GARDEN ROBINSON CRUSOE JR.

with AL JOLSON

BOOTH Irene Fenwick in the Co-

respondent

CASINO The Blue Paradise With

Cecil Leon

LYRIC Katinka

39th STREET Lou-Tellegen

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Marie Tempest



The Plans of Mice and Men

Meddling

After the customary exercises of reading the Declaration of Independence on July 4th, we would recommend to the class in contemporary history a consideration of the following clipping:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—The Rev. J. A. Anderson of Oregon, Mo., introduced in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to-day a resolution protesting against President Wilson's restoring of intoxicating wine at White House functions and petitioning him to desist and publicly avow the cause of national prohibition.

When he steps from his Executive Offices into the dining room of the White House, President Wilson becomes plain Mr. Wilson, and what he serves at his table is of no possible concern to the excited Rev. Mr. Anderson or his earnest little flock.

We wonder how the Rev. Mr. Anderson would feel if a convention of French wine growers passed a set of silly resolutions calling upon him to forego the pleasure of eating artichokes—or prawns, if he likes those better.

They have just as much right to regulate Mr. Anderson's diet, as Mr. Anderson has to tell Mr. Wilson what he may or may

not do at his own table, and the sooner the apostles of intolerance learn this great truth, the further they will advance their cause.

A Cynical Dad

SUITOR: Sir, I ask for your daughter's hand.

FATHER: My dear boy, you shall have it—if you'll take the one that's always in my pocket.

"She's out of society, isn't she?"

"I think she must be. She lunches at home."

HUSBAND: What have you got for dinner?

WIFE: Would you mind waiting until to-morrow? I had to get some gasoline to-day.

Indian scouts in Mexico are wearing wrist watches.—*News Item*.

Shades of Little Big Horn, has it come to this!

"Smoked Cigar in Bed; He Dies."

—*Headline*.

Some tobacco company is overlooking a chance for an ad.

Those who know most about cocktails are quickest to overcome any prejudice against the bottled product when they critically test

Club Cocktails

Because you cannot hide the aroma, the master blending, and the ageing in the kindly wood which have smoothed and finished old and rare liquors into a final product of exceptional and distinctive excellence.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London

Importers of the Famous
BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE

My Dear Mrs. Billington

(Continued from page 22)

MISS BILLINGTON (as before, but highly charged with electricity). — "Now I want to know what she did say when she spoke."

Mr. Hatterly's clear and fluent voice continued to report the interesting conversation, while Mrs. Billington sobbed softly, and permitted her kind old hand to be fondled.

"Jack," she said, "Mr. Hatterly went on, "life might have separated us, but death unites us."

MISS BILLINGTON (as before, but with clenched hands and set lips). — "That is neither one of those girls. They haven't got the sand. Whoever it is, that settles it." She flung open the door and swept into the room.

"Jack," she said, "if I did talk any such ridiculous, absurd, contemptible, utterly despicable nonsense, I don't choose to have it repeated. Mama, dear, you know we can see a great deal of each other if you can only make Papa come and spend the Summer here by the sea, and we go down to Los Brazos for part of the Winter."

That evening Miss Carmelita Billington asked her Spanish maid if she had dropped the letter addressed to Mr. Hatterly in the letter-box. The Spanish maid went through a pleasing dramatic performance, in which she first assured her mistress that she had; then became aware of a sudden doubt; hunted through six or eight pockets which were not in her dress, and then produced the crumpled envelope unopened. She begged ten thousand pardons; she cursed herself and the day she was born, and her incapable memory; and expressed a willingness to drown herself, which might have been more terrifying had she ever before displayed any willingness to enter into intimate relations with water.

Miss Billington treated her with unusual indulgence.

"It's all right, Concha," she said; "it didn't matter in the least, only Mr. Hatterly told me that he had never received it, and so I thought I'd ask you."

Then, as the girl was leaving the room, Carmelita called her back, moved by a sudden impulse.

"Oh, Concha!" she said; "you wanted one of those shell breast-pins, didn't you?" Here, take this and buy yourself one!" and she held out a dollar-bill.

When she reached her own room, Concha put the dollar-bill in a gayly-painted little box on top of a new five-dollar bill, and hid them both under her prayer-book.

"Women," she said, in her simple Spanish way; "women are pigs. The gentleman, he gives me five dollars, only that I put the letter in my pocket; the lady, she gets the gentleman, and she gives me one dollar, and I hasten out of the room that she shall not take it back. Women — women are pigs!"

Next Week
"CUTWATER OF SENECA"
By H. C. Bunner
Illustrated by Will Crawford



Approved by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley,
Director of Good
Housekeeping
Bureau of Foods,
Sanitation and
Health.

CONSTIPATION IN CHILDREN

DO you realize how often the foundations of ill health are laid in early childhood — by the neglect of parents who fail to guard their children from the dangers of the constipation habit?

Children should not be given cathartics and strong purges. They weaken the natural processes of evacuation and are dangerously habit-forming.

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Nujol is not a laxative, but acts in effect as a mechanical lubricant, preventing the contents of the intestines from becoming hard and so promoting healthy and regular bowel activity.

Most druggists carry Nujol, which is sold only in pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the Nujol trademark. If your druggist does not carry Nujol, accept no substitute. We will send a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75c.—money order or stamps.

Write for booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation." Address Dept. 42.

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Give me your honest opinion of it.
Well it's absolutely worthless.
Yes but give it all the same.

This Ought to Help

The gasoline trust's press agency has been working overtime in order to think up the suitable excuses for the annual summer rise in the price of gasoline. In order that they may devote this valuable labor to the more suitable subject of coal tar products, we suggest the following:

That the principal constituents of gasoline are exported from Belgium, and mixed in this country;

That Germany is buying enormous quantities of this product and sending it to Europe in code;

That on account of new fields being discovered in the South, new capital must be raised to dig the wells;

That on account of an early spring, the gasoline has evaporated very quickly, leaving but a small supply on the market;

That the trust, having spent large sums in the effort to discover suitable substitutes, such as water, or cider, or ink, should be reimbursed for the same;

That gasoline is a peculiar product, and nobody has ever been able to understand the fluctuations in price anyway;

That under the heartless Democratic administration, it is impossible to sell it cheaply.

—James Ashmore Creelman

The Colonel denies that he ever called Hughes "a Baptist Hypocrite." There is plenty of time before June 7, however. Think of the variety of names "My dear Will" was called.

Few of our citizens know that in Argentina and other countries south of Panama great railways are in existence, double tracked and four tracked, equipped with fine rolling stock and running numerous palatial trains.

—The Department of Commerce.

True it is that we overlook our South American opportunities. With such a field to the south of them, the wreckers of the New Haven rest lazily on their laurels.

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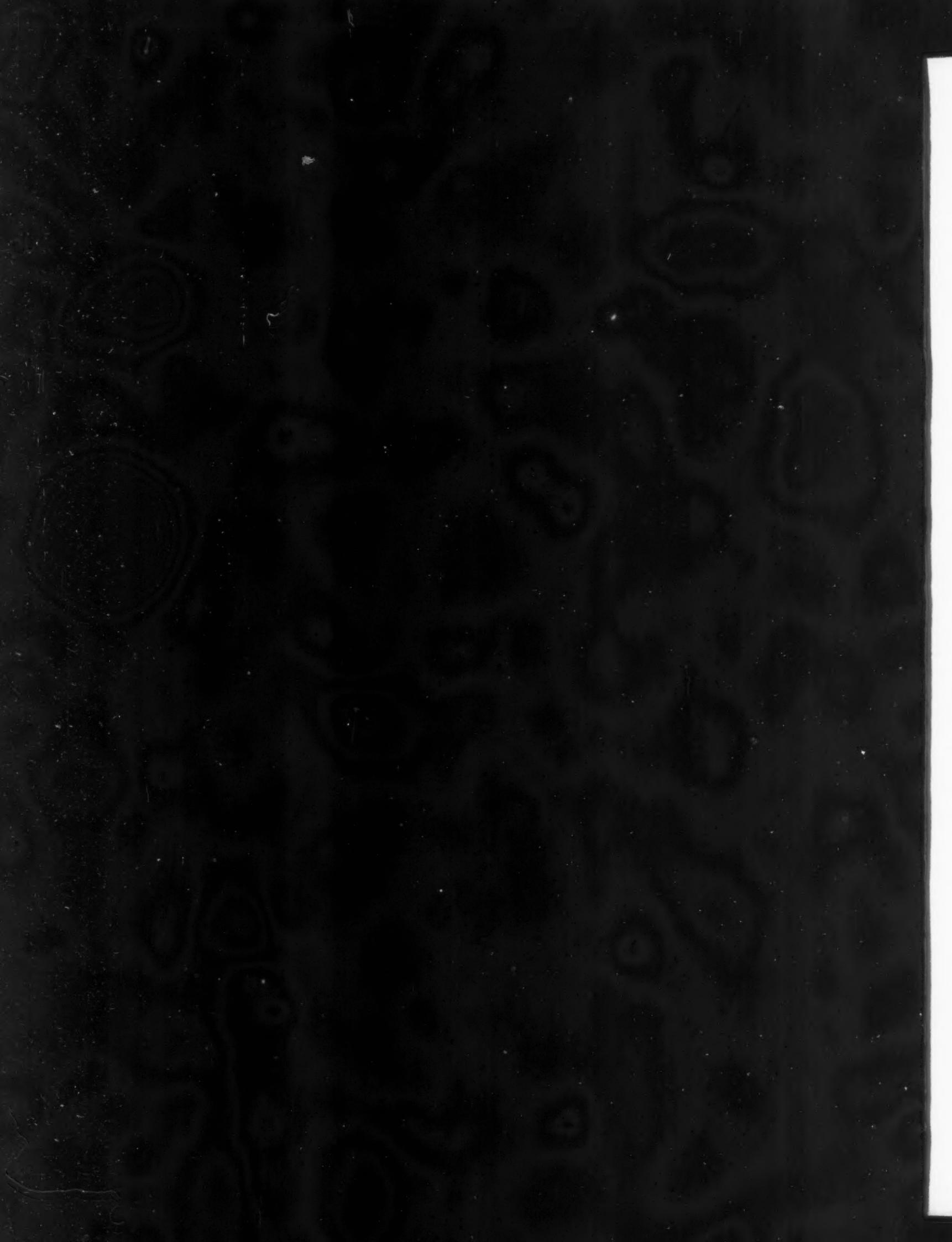
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Highcostofliving Track Meet

UNITED STATES, June 1, 1916.—Individual honors in the Highcostofliving Track Meet, which has been in progress hereabouts for some time, were handily captured by John D. Gasolene. Gasolene was entered in five events, and won them handily. Great speed was shown by all the contestants; and a number of records were bent out of shape. The summary of events was as follows:

One hundred-yard dash.—Won by Gasolene; second, Bethlehem Steel; third, Beef. Time, very fast, if not faster.

Two hundred and twenty-yard dash.—Won by Gasolene; second, Wool; third, Beef. Time, missed by officials. Bethlehem Steel, who finished first, disqualified for stopping three times to go back for a drink of water.

Four hundred and forty-yard dash.—Won by Leather; second, Coal; third, Wood. Time, nothing and two-fifths seconds.

Eight hundred and eighty-yard run.—Won by Rent; second, Real Estate; third, Building Materials. Time, too fast.

One mile run.—Won by Flour; second, Butter; third, Eggs. Time, not taken, owing to weariness of timers.

One hundred and twenty-yard hurdles.—Won by Toluol; second, Potash; third, Quicksilver. Time, 100 per cent acceleration per minute.

Two hundred and twenty-yard low hurdles.—Won by Gasolene. Other competitors not yet sighted. Time, withheld for further information.

High Jump.—Won by Gasolene; second, Dyestuffs; third, Quinine. Height, three miles.

Broad Jump.—Won by Sulphuric Acid; second, Appendicitis Operations; third, White Paper. Distance, over the moon.

Pole Vault.—Won by Gasolene; second, Shipping Rates; third, Copper. Height, out of sight.

Hammer Throw.—Won by German Propagandists; second, Anti-Preparedness; third, W. J. Bryan. Distance, not yet measured.

ASSISTANT: The ice on the creek is breaking up, sir.

MOVIE DIRECTOR: Quick! Rush out Eliza and the bloodhounds, the men for that Washington Crossing the Delaware scene, Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow, and the comedy people for "Hot Cakes and Ice Cakes"; we've got to take advantage of the ice while it lasts.

Advice to the English: Watch Your Zepp.

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